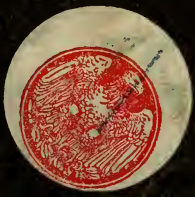

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THE

TRIPLE WREATH:

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS

BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The "Triple Wreath"—of Palm or Laurel? No!
Of worldly fame it does not claim a part;
Its leaves, and buds, and varied blossoms show
The impress of their native soil, the HEART.

SUSAN WILSON.

NEWTOWN, PA.
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BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

As mankind naturally take an interest in the history of those, who like themselves have encountered the trials, and discharged the duties of this mutable state of being, it is believed the following particulars of the life of Samuel Johnson, may interest the readers of this volume.

His father, William Johnson, was a native of Ireland, and a brother of Jervis Johnson, a minister of the society of Friends, who some years since visited this Country in that capacity. William Johnson was married to Ruth Potts of Trenton, N. Jersey, and settled in Philadelphia, where Samuel, their youngest son was born in 1763. Shortly after, his parents removed to Charleston, South Carolina, where they remained until he had attained the age of four years.—At this period his father died, and his mother returned with her four children to Philadelphia. In this place, and at Bordentown, N. J., they continued for several years, when the family removed to Trenton. There they resided till after the memorable battle of 1776 of which many striking incidents were often related by the subject of this memoir. They remained in Trenton but a short time after that event, the busi-

ness in which they were engaged, having been much affected by the unsettled state of the country. They then removed to Hunterdon County, and occupied a dwelling near that of Henry Clifton, a hatter, who carried on an extensive business. He was connected by marriage with our author's mother, and being an exemplary and amiable man, she readily consented to place her son under his care, as an apprentice to the hatting business. To this period frequent allusion has been made by himself, and during the remainder of his life, he continued to enjoy an uninterrupted intercourse with the family; of his strong attachment to the members of it, he has left abundant proofs. There is ample evidence that those early years, were not only happily spent, but that the head of the establishment watched over his charge with a truly parental care, and while all due attention was given relative to instruction in his particular line of business, he did not neglect his moral, literary, and more especially religious culture. His mind seems very EARLY to have been impressed with a sense of religious obligation, and the imperative duty of seeking the protection of that beneficient Being from whom all our real enjoyments are derived. When his term of apprenticeship had expired, after continuing with his valued preceptor for a short time in the capacity of journeyman, he resolved to look abroad in the world to endeavor to find an opening for business. With this object in view, he visited the City of New York. Of this eventful period of his life he ever after retained the most vivid recollections. After the lapse of forty-six years, during which he had enjoyed an uninterrupted course of prosperity in his worldly affairs, he was called to pay the last tribute

of respect to his venerable benefactor and friend. Of his visit to the family at this time, he has given an account in a letter to a correspondent, and as the narrative portrays in lively colors his feelings at an interesting epoch, we give the following extract.

"I returned last evening with my daughter A. J. P., from the funeral of an old and valued friend, with whom I learned my occupation. We left home on third day at noon, arrived there that evening, and on the next day the interment took place. We spent the evening with the bereaved family, the inmates of which I had known for more than half a century.

It was a solemn time to me, and my mind was much drawn into serious contemplation of the past. It had been eight years my home, in the giddy season of youth. I arose early next morning, and paid a short visit to an old aquaintance whom I had fifty years ago known to be an early riser. On the way back to the house of my deceased friend, I felt a strong impulse to visit some scenes in which my youth had been deeply interested, particularly one connected with a circumstance that occurred when I had arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and was about to set out from the hospitable mansion, where so many happy days of my youth had been spent, to seek my fortune in the world. It was in the afternoon of a fine day in summer. With three half guineas (my all) in my pocket, I commenced my journey for the City of New York on foot.—I remembered it vividly as if it had been but yesterday.—With a heavy heart I began my pilgrimage, and slowly descended from the eminence (my late home) towards that I had left when I went appren-

tice, then known by the name of Mount Carmel. But when I descended, and arrived at a rivulet in the bed of the valley, which crossed my path, less than half a mile from the home I had left, I became so oppressed with the magnitude of the concern in which I was about to embark that I felt as if I could proceed, at present, no further, and looked forward to the prospect before me with dread and apprehension. I had hitherto been provided for by my friends, "Content and careless of to-morrow's fare," but now I must provide for myself.—My stock on hand was small; I had a character to establish wherever I might go for steadiness and sobriety, and to make friends if I could find them, where my lot should be cast.—These considerations so overwhelmed me, that I sat down by the way side, and burst into tears. I called upon the orphan's friend, to be my friend, and if He would but give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, I would be therewith content.

"After a lapse of half an hour, I grew more composed, brushed the dew from my eyelids, arose with my staff and budget of clothes, crossed the little Jordan before me, and traveled on with a lighter step and brighter hopes, bidding adieu, as I then thought, to all behind me forever. It was this spot, so consecrated, that I wished to visit yesterday morning, but I feared my limbs would not bear me out in so long a walk, as I had been on my feet for some time. I paused to consider of it—advanced a few steps—found my lameness merely nominal—then descended into the narrow dell at the foot of Carmel. But ere I had half reached the spot, every feeling of my heart was alive, and my tears began to flow freely. What had I NOT received of the bounty of

Heaven?—more than I had dared to ask for at my outset in life; wife beloved—children justly endeared, friends nearer than self,—competency, for the HUMBLE SUFFICIENT.—When I came to the spot, I eyed it with rapturous enthusiasm, I looked around eagerly for the place I had set or knelt on forty and six years before, and when I had found it, I threw myself on my knees, and poured forth a tribute of gratitude more fervent than I ever felt or uttered before. The time, the cool of the day, the place a narrow valley, crossed by a well known stream, which neither time, nor the summer's drought had been able to dry up, and issuing from the hill Carmel, where my widowed mother, two sisters and self, had found an asylum from the cruel ravages of war, after witnessing the defeat and captivity of the Hessians at Trenton, and a fiercer battle shortly after. I was by the road side, and travellers might pass and think me disordered in mind, but I cared not, it was a devotional act, which I rejoice I was enabled to perform, and I hope the incense of a heart that feels a desire to be grateful.

"The friend, whose interment I attended, was the last of the heads of that family. His wife, my affectionate Aunt by marriage, had entered the narrow house many years before, being considerably older than he with whom I had lived eight years, and whose eye was never turned on me but with kindness. I never saw his temper break out over the guarded bounds of the humble Christian character. He was an elder, the prop of their little meeting, and his loss will be severely felt by their little society: but some of them I trust have oil in their vessels, and their light may still shine to illumine the path of humble inquirers."

After remaining a few months in New York, the subject of this memoir returned to the home that was connected in his mind with so many endearing associations, and his former friend and guardian wishing to retire from active life, he commenced business for himself, and boarded in the family. There he remained several years. From thence he removed to Bucks county, Pennsylvania, and purchased a situation in Buckingham, where he established himself in his former occupation.

During the second year of his residence in this place, he formed a matrimonial connection with Martha Hutchinson, daughter of Matthias and Elizabeth Hutchinson, who resided in the neighborhood, and never has such a union been productive of more perfect domestic felicity. They were married in 1788. Some years previous, his mother had married Oliver Paxson, of Solebury, Bucks county, and living but a few miles distant from his own location largely contributed to his social onjoyments.

He remained in this place about nine years, and during that time his family had received an addition of two daughters and a son.

In the year 1797 he purchased a farm in the neighborhood and relinquished his occupation for that of husbandry. In this pursuit he was actively engaged for near thirty years, during which time, in the seclusion of a country life, and the enjoyment of the domestic circle, his days glided on in uninterrupted serenity. His appreciation of the calm delights of that period, is expressed by himself in a poem entitled the "Harp," written after he had attained his seventieth

year, and inscribed to HER who had so long shared with him the joys and sorrows of this probationary scene.

Though a life spent without the occurrence of any remarkable vicissitudes of fortune, is not calculated to furnish incidents for biography, yet has the subject of this sketch left a satisfactory evidence in the minds of his cotemporaries, (independently of the moral tendency of his writings,)that his integrity and uprightness rendered him a benefactor to his fellow men, in his limited sphere of action. For twenty years he held the office of Magistrate, and was eminently useful in dispensing justice in his immediate neighborhood ; endeavoring on all occasions to induce the parties to settle their differences in an amicable manner, and he was frequently successful in accomplishing this object, notwithstanding an appeal had been made to the law. He was also extensively employed as arbitrator, and by the soundness of his judgment, and the clearness of his views in relation to the principles of equity, he became known as a prompt and efficient man in public business.

In the year 1830 he removed with his wife to the dwelling of his son-in-law, Thomas Paxson. He had several years before retired from busy life, relinquishing the charge of his farm to his son, William H. Johnson. At that period his literary life may with propriety be said to have commenced. His time was generally devoted to reading, corresponding with his friends, or in poetic composition, his favorite pursuit.

In the winter of 1840 his wife after a short illness, was removed by death; he was wont to speak of this afflicting bereavement, in terms of the deepest feeling, but was prepared to exclaim in humility of soul, "The Lord gave, and the Lord

hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The last year of his life his health gradually declined, but he continued to enjoy the society of his friends, and his habitual cheerfulness never forsook him. A short time previous to his death, he observed, in reply to an expression of sympathy from a friend who took leave of him—"I have passed a long life almost free from pain and sorrow,—Shall I then murmur if a few months of suffering are apportioned me at the close of my earthly pilgrimage?"

His tranquil and useful life, came at length to a peaceful close, in the eighty-first year of his age.

THE HARP.

ADDRESSED TO SAMUEL JOHNSON, ON RECEIVING A VOLUME OF HIS POEMS, PRINTED IN 1835.

Too long has it slumbered—but soft for awaking
On affection's charmed ear, its low murmur is breaking.
It had told with a pathos so truly its own,
The joys of a kindred harp's unison tone;
From its chords had DEVOTION'S PURE anthem ascended,
And grandeur and feeling sublimely had blended.
Throughout the wide regions of earth and of air,
From aught was magnificent, lovely or rare,
The bright forms of beauty had come at its call,
Till Fancy's rich mantle emblazoned them all.
The FOREST'S PLUMED KING in the pride of his power,
The gay little "spirits" that HUM round the bower—
From earth came the loveliest Flora could bring,
Array'd in the fragrance and freshness of Spring.
Or turned to themes, moral, ennobling, and high,
Its tones, with the tones of the PUREST might vie,
As with feeling benevolent, social and dear,
It hail'd with rich peans the birth of a year.
In shades then no more shall it slumber inglorious—
Awake! over "darkness" and "silence" victorious.—
The KINDRED HARP, long that has chastened thy strain,
Shall yet sound with its own native clearness again;

O'er its languishing strings shall the breeze of health play
And its chords all untuned yet exult in her sway.
Oh, long THUS may kindly your harmonies chime,
And but "truer and firmer" be rendered by time.
And long thus in sweetness and tenderness vie,
Till new-strung in the mansions of Glory on High.

THE HARP.

"*The human heart is a Harp of many strings.*"

Yes,—I sought for THIS Harp in the joy of my youth,
With feeling's fine chords, true to friendship attun'd:
A Heaven-strung instrument, beaming with truth,
In a bosom with emblems of kindness illum'd.

On life's airy summit, I fear'd there were blending,
The blasts of the north with the zephyrs of spring,
And the torrent's loud roar, from its brow when descending,
Might sweep with hoarse discord its delicate string.

Through the calm, verdant valley, my search was directed,
To find out a note, would be echoed by mine,
The mellow chords touched; by pure feeling reflected;—
My rapt heart would hail it, a blessing Divine.

Nor was my search vain; in the green vale I found it,
With kindness' and taste's sweetly magical tone;
The virtues all blooming resplendent around it,
Delighted and happy, I called it my own.

In the cottage of peace—roses near it were blushing,
And the fair virgin lily there reared up its stem;
The sweet wreathing woodbine was gaily in flushing,—
And the freshness of morning surrounded my gem.

Years glided along, and no dissonant murmur,
E'er marr'd one enjoyment which life could bestow;
My heart beat to time, with joy truer and firmer,
While the harmony soothed every pang found below.

Then I knelt and adored the sure Fountain of blessing,
Who filled up my cup of earth's bliss to the brim;
For the unalloy'd gift so endeared by possessing,
A MUTUAL OBLATION, ascended to HIM.

Now in AGE, it retains all its tender emotion,
Nor feels aught of chill from Time's frosty caress;
To friendship and love owns the truest devotion,
Though the sun of its youth far declines to the west.

Oh! when it must set—if I'm doomed to survive it,
No more will I hail the glad morning of spring;
The dregs of existence I then shall arrive at,
This bosom of mine will have tuned its last string.

TO ELIZA DUNLAP.

Though Time has laid his claims on me—
(And Fancy bows to his decree)
Has stolen my auburn crown away,
And left one, striped, with silver grey;
Exacted much of youthful ease,
And barely left the WISH to please;
I meet thy Album's spotless page,
Despite of dullness, chills of age,
With cheerful, but with sober glee,
To dedicate an hour to thee.
Thanks to the little home-bred cause
Which links our hearts in friendship's laws—
A Grandson placed within your care,
Found Mother, Sisters,—all were there;
Nor wanted aught they could bestow,
For kindness bloomed on every brow—
HE grateful swells the voice of praise,
The dictates of his heart obeys.
Thy worthy sire for years I knew—
I knew him, and I loved him too;
And doubt if greater moral worth,
Warmed any bosom upon earth.
Firm, dignified, sincere, and grave,
Above all follies which enslave
Temperate observant of his word
Justice to ALL, his acts accord.

We met in various paths of life,
Where MAMMON had engendered strife;
Appeas'd its WARMTH by mild design,
Or judgment laid upon the line;
And true to reason's promptings ever,
The truth he would abandon never;
Thus passed his life on Wisdom's plan,
A conscientious, upright man.—
His FAMILY, I knew them not,
Yet will they not be soon forgot,
For kindness will devoid of art,
Soon win its way to every heart;
Its fruit is gratitude and LOVE,
When watered from the Fount above.—
With aid of Christian telescope,
WE TOO, have found a ray of hope;
In Bethlehem's glorious star rejoice,
And trust with humble soul and voice,
That meet we may by Heaven's commands
Within that "house not made with hands."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO HARRIET A. FOULKE—ON HER MARRIAGE.

Now the long dreary winter's past,
The Spring's soft voice has "hush'd the blast;"
And lo! the singing birds have come,
The turtle now has found his home,
Calls to his side his absent Dove,
And soothes the cares of life with love.—
See joyous rise the spring-tide flowers,
Bespangling all our woods and bowers;
And he who erst in simple strain
Tuned his wild reed,—now tunes again.
Rich fragrance now at morn and even,
Is breathed upon the winds of Heaven.
The sweet-briar, and wild woodbine gay
Are laughing in the lap of May;
Soon the warm sun of bright eyed June,
Shall bid the fragrant rose tree bloom—
See the sweet bud, her damask child
Has ope'd its emerald robe and smiled.
Wild flowers of every varied hue,
Lobelia scarlet, violet blue,
O'er fields and meadows sprinkle charms,
And feed the honey-loving swarms—
If man ungrateful heeds them not
I mark him as creation's blot.

Had I the gift of Patriarch old
When he would bless his children all,
I'd say as he to Joseph told—
Your branches now "run o'er the wall."
No such prophetic power I boast,
No skill the future to foresee,
As he, the Sire of Israel's host
Foretold his off-spring's jubilee.
But you shall have my wishes, prayers,
In friendship's warm and brightened glow;
That in your path no wasting cares,
May chill the spirit's genial glow.

Surrounded by congenial worth,
Your relatives by kindred birth,
You may be happy, if the hand
Which with rich blessings strews our land,
Shall yet dispense such good to you,
As seems to friendship's eye your due.
If otherwise—that good should roam
Nor deign to bless your peaceful home;
Or your petitions when addressed
Returning empty to your breast
Seem trials sent by adverse skies—
(They MAY prove blessings in disguise)—
When next you shall address the Throne—
Oh! humbly say—"Thy will be done."

TO SUSAN WILSON.

Thanks gentle one;—long since I owed
Acknowledgements, for kind regard
And desk so tastefully endowed—
Claiming due homage from the bard.

Well a fair minstrel understands
With winning gift to charm a poet;
Not gold nor silver, house nor lands—
A pleasing KEEPSAKE best may show it.

An inkstand fair as India boasts,
From young Columbia's art deriven,
With elegance and taste embossed
And all the grace of kindness given.

And pens, with skilful neatness made
That MAY perchance write poesy;
Yet, though from wing of Swan they stray'd,
Their music might be lost with me.

But THOU—dear votress of the Nine,
Can'st touch with magnet of the muse,
And to those graceful plumes of thine
The magic power of Song transfuse.

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST INQUIRING FOR THE SAVIOUR.

Have you seen, fellow pilgrims, the star in the East?
From the land of Judea heard glorious news?
Above the horizon the light has increased,
Where a halo surrounds the young King of the Jews.

A Prince, of a Throne, in a world UNLIKE this,
Where the Ancient of days hath primeval abode—
In a region foreshown us of unalloyed bliss,
The home of pure spirits, the humble and good.

Omnipotent Love! all our hearts hath combined,
To seek out this Babe, and to worship him there;
With holy believers our faith is now join'd—
We have gold, myrrh and frankincense, gifts for the Heir.

Lo! at yon crowded inn in a manger is laid,
The Prince whom you seek, the Redeemer of man;
He, blest Mediator and Saviour was made,
Ere the merciful Father, earth's glories began.

The gift of your love is now all He requires!
More precious than spices or gems of the ocean;
The sacrificed will, unpolluted desires,
The heart's deep contrition, and humble devotion.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO SAMUEL BLACKFAN.

True friendship's lore my humble MUSE shall guide,
Unskill'd to praise, in flattery untried;
Not prone to censure, with a caustic art,
To wound the finer feelings of the heart;
She waves no plume to dictate to thy mind,
Where thou shalt peace, or where instruction find.—
I as a brother kindly would portray,
My views and prospects of the Heavenly way.—
Thou'st taken HIS bounty who bade wars to cease,
And raised the standard of the Prince of Peace;
To serve his cause, embraced His holy plan,
Commenced ambassador from God to man.
High duties now, thy humbled mind engage,
Christ's soldier's HERE no carnal warfare wage;
Serve him through time, who erst engaged thy youth,
And mind the stepping stones from truth to truth.
Let not thy mind by wild delusion driven,
Explore the by-paths for the road to Heaven;
Nor blindly follow dark tradition's way,—
Ask for the PILLAR'S light, the CLOUD by day;
This guide then follow for the prize, the mark,
Nor with false fire e'er mix the sacred spark,
To creeds and systems, MAN'S WORK, doubting stand,
But mind the pointings of the HOLY HAND.

Trust not the "Lo heres," or "Lo theres," we find,
Mere innovation, blindly leads the blind.—
Study the Scriptures, oft their truths distil,
And oftner yet, the volume of His will.
Nor let imagination vainly stray,
O'er barren heaths, nor e'en the flowery way;
But low and humble keep the truth still near,
With thoughtful reverence, and holy fear;
Approach the throne of Majesty on high,
For bread to live, for precepts how to die.
So shalt thou find of joy a rich increase,
Thy full reward be harmony and peace.
Think me not vain my brother, I who know,
But general outlines of the path I show;
The narrow way but dimly I discern,
And much of truth thy friend has yet to learn,
Sometimes I think I see a twinkling ray,
A star that warns me of approaching day;
But oft benighted in my path I roam,
In vainly seeking for the promised home.
May'st thou, Truth guiding in thy race begun,
Joy in the beams of a meridian sun;
In humble thankfulness thy will resign,
Fill up thy duties in His grand design;
Court not the applause of men, seek self to know,
Let His will govern all thy path below;
And when from this dark spot of earth thou'rt gone,
May'st thou the joyful plaudit hear "Well Done."

TO THE BEES AT ELM GROVE.

You've changed your Lord, you busy ones,
And you must mind your p's and q's;
Your master loves no kind of DRONES
But fairly asks his claims and dues.

No tyrant he, that when you store
Your treasure-house with liquid sweets,
Will suffocating vapors pour,
In dreadful fumes along your streets.

But will provide a sidelong cell,
To stow away your surplus spoil;
Divide when Autumn's frosts assail,
With you the products of your toil.

And SHE, who with the kindest views,
Oft' visits your industrious hive—
'Tis but to learn the floral news,
And if your Queen is still alive.

But mind me, if you dare to sting,
A friend so gentle, kind, and true;
A fearful doom is on the wing—
Then—fire and brimstone are for you.

TO MARTHA BEANS.

Launch'd on life's tide in early youth,
Thy little bark with prudence steer
To the safe haven—Heavenly truth;
Then storms and wreck thou need'st not fear.

The artificial magnet may
Misguide the wanderer in his path;
The pole-star never led astray—
Oh! watch it with the eye of faith.

The lofty mast, the aspiring tower,
The storms of life may lay them low,
While the sweet modest humble flower,
Blooms safely in the vale below.

The peaceful mind, the conquered will,
The cheerful hope, when truth presides—
These are our purest treasures still,
And worth all other good beside.

Possessing these, life's gentle gales,
Shall waft thee on—thy joys increase;
The breath of Heaven will swell the sails
And land thee in the port of peace.

ON RECEIVING A WILD ROSE.

Welcome thou lovely native flower,
How simply elegant thy dress!
Rejoicing in thy dewy hour,
The early husbandman to bless.

Enough to thee of beauty given,
To win the conscious eye of taste;
Enough of sweets, the boon of Heaven,
With fragrance to enrich the waste.

Nature's meek, unpretending child,
Retiring from the public eye;
Nor favor courts, e'en from the wild,
But in its shades to bloom and die.

There nurtured by no maiden's hand,
Around her splendid hall to bloom;
Or in the border gaily stand,
For praise to exchange thy best perfume.

But like some modest rural maid—
No foreign ornaments her boast;
In native loveliness arrayed—
"When unadorned, adorned the most."

TO THE MEMORY OF ESTHER LONGSTRETH.

The bands are now broken that bound thee to earth,
And the realms are unveil'd that receive the new birth;
And the wing of a seraph to thee has been given,
To waft thee ON, hopeful and joyful to Heaven.
How many were dear at the home thou hast left—
A Father in age of a daughter bereft,
And friends who were bound in the tenderest ties,
Whose love would have holden thee long from the skies;
Thy love for those friends was as dew to the flowers,
Expanding their fragrance, and sweet'ning the hours—
Thine OWN are the promises made to the just—
The decree has been issued of "dust unto dust"—
He who call'd from on high in the morn of thy youth,
Saw thy spirit would list to the voice of His Truth;
With affections sublimed by a fervent devotion,
Obedience—was joy—was a holy emotion.
To mourn is humanity's lot while on earth—
Thus the terms of existence were sealed at our birth:
Yet the goodness which form'd us benignly hath will'd,
That with HIM, every hope of enjoyment be fill'd.
Now the fount of fruition is opened above,
Where thy joys are Eternal in Heavenly love;
And the sun-gilded blessings of Time, THAT ARE SET,
Were viewed at departing without a regret;

While the glories that rise in thy brighter abode,
Are with rapture beheld, as in mercy bestow'd,
In the fullness of bliss thou art there to receive
Those lov'd ones of earth, for thy absence who grieve
With welcome to hail their acceptance above
Immortal in happiness, virtue and love.

THE BANKING RATS.

A FABLE.

Esop in fabled strain has written
Of tortoise by an eagle smitten,
Who sought in matrimonial tie,
To match a daughter of the sky—
And quadrupeds and reptiles join'd
In social plans, their joys combin'd;
The Lion, Fox, the Dog, the Hen,
Seemed more than half as wise as men—
But the poor Rat, none recollect
A poet treating with respect,
Yet none I hope will sneer and prate
If I step forth his advocate.
In days gone by they held a meeting
To lay by a good store for eating.
For all so very wise were grown
They'd have a granary of their own;
And not be 'bliged to starve, or steal
From barn or mill a scanty meal.

Then invitation wide was given.
To bring in stores for future living;
While some with labor excavated
A vault to stow away as stated—
And now from every quarter came

The old, the young, the wild, the tame,
Each loaded with well earned supply
In corn husks bagg'd, and piled it by;
And added daily to their store,
As chance occurred of getting more.—
Industrious, faithful to the trust—
And honest—thinking as they must,
When Providence full barns had given
That Rats might have a sumptuous living.
Now over all this stream of treasure,
Which swiftly flowed in without measure,
By night, by day, from morn till even—
And scarce forbore one day in seven;
Some wise, demure, sagacious rat,
Who difference knew 'twixt this and that,
In future, to prevent confusion
Should have the care of distribution;
And have a friend, a learned TELLER,
To be the safeguard of the cellar;
When any came to get supply,
To notch a stick, for reason why—
And further, to prevent disputes,
They chose some half a dozen mutes
To look about, but nothing say,
And let things go on their own way.
And THINGS WENT ON, so smooth and quiet—
The prospect fair—no noise, no riot—
The brotherhood began to say,
Affairs were in a prosperous way.
As time thus briskly pass'd along—
The youthful rats—no longer young—

The crafty master of the stock
Worked a sly passage through the rock,
And by a back stairs op'd a way,
The surplus treasures to convey.
As fast as worthy friends were stowing,
He let it out, and kept it going ;
The HONEST sire they left to watch it,
Advised the TELLER not to notch it—
"For when none know the exact amount,
'Tis useless sure to keep the account.
We'll loan it out among our friends,
What we don't want for private ends—
Though I have need of all this store
And for that matter, as much more—
We need not hoard it like the miser,
The company'll be none the wiser,
And if success shall crown my labor,
I'll give them by especial favor,
When I have done with using of it—
To them and heirs refusal of it."
But soon the bubble burst, and then
They made long faces like US men,
And scolded hard, and even swore,
He'd robbed and filched away their store.
But he, with brazen front and crest
Mounted upon an empty chest,
And when their rage was somewhat spent,
"Harrangued them thus right eloquent : "

"Now hear ME brethren—though I've used
Your stores, your confidence abused,

And other rats have been the users—
Yet you shall never be the losers,
The stores you trusted me to tend,
Are laid out wisely by your friend,
And are secure—forbear to doubt him,
Nor thus with angry language flout him.
I've fifty barns, and mills, and more,
From whence I can recruit your store—
You're all my friends—your plans I've laid—
On all occasions lent you aid—
Enriched your hopes by adding to them—
Unlikely then I should undo them.
You soon will want a Lord Protector,
Choose me again your chief Director;
I speedily can fill your coffers—
Accept these advantageous offers."

The whole assembly squeal'd amen!
Set up their snouts and tails again!
He e'en convinced the knowing brood,
That empty vaults were quite as good
As full ones were—EXCEPT FOR EATING
And that would seldom want repeating.
The whiskered, purblind, ruined donors,
Again conferred the highest honors;
But learned too late their plundered store
Remained as empty as before.—

Then rose a sachem grey with age—
Hair-breadth escapes had made him sage—

He wiped his whiskers,--briefly said
And sighed--our latest hopes are fled.
Ne'er trust again a swindling banker,
You'll find his promises a canker;
The farmers safely kept our store—
Be THEY our bankers as before.

THE HARP OF THE NORTH.

Harp of the North! so softly throwing,
Thy plaintive notes on gales of even,
The zephyr's breath is gently blowing,
Its symphony to bowers of Eden.

Each sympathetic tone moves on,
Laden with Afric's heavy woes—
The feeling sigh had upward gone
When hope in minstrel guise arose.

Hark!—Whittier sweeps the mournful strings,
When Freedom's sons are called away;
Then as they soar on Angel wings,
With holy fervor swells the lay.

Gone to their Heavenly Father's rest,
A constellation bright and glorious;
While blessing—rose among the blest,
In meekness, worth, and zeal victorious.

Blanchard, thy wild, electric lyre,
Can sway the heart and mind, at will;
Thou breath'st, and fancy's echoing wire,
Bids all our wayward thoughts be still.

Children of Penn will hail that voice,
With raptur'd ear will listen round;
While Freedom's thrilling nerves rejoice,
And all our "iron-bound hills" resound.

And Burleigh, with a soul of fire,
Flashes conviction on the throng;
While feeling hearts with joy aspire,
To greet the music of his tongue:

His prompt, soul-stirring eloquence,
Kindles his hearers' ardent zeal;
Unfolds convincing evidence,
Success will crown our common weal.

Adams, unmoved amid the storm,
Of dark, unholy, party rage;
His country's Egis on his arm,
He binds, corruption to engage.

That sceptered arm, once freedom's choice,
Withstands our empire's downward course,
Brings honor, justice, soul and voice,
To stay wide desolation's force.

And faithful Ritner, leads a band,
Above all southern slaveites moving,
Disdains to quail to mortal hand—
The hosts of freedom all approving.

Such champions in the noblest cause,
  Clear all our doubts, dispel our fears;
Mellow to mercy human laws,
  And tune the music of the spheres.

These Borealis lights are ours,
  Bright gleaming through the polar sky;
The rich glow of ethereal powers,
  Blazons their names immortally.

And Pennsylvania's sister band,
  While mourning Ethiopia's woe,
Shall aid the patriots of our land,
  This mass of guilt to overthrow.

TO THE MEMORY OF CAROLINE CORSON, OF NEWHOPE, PA.

Ascended to him who life's boon had bestowed,
Having drank of the fountain from Heaven that flow'd
And pure was the stream she knelt lowly to sip,
It whispered salvation, and rose to her lip.

In the bowers of Eden, her joys are in bloom,
The LOVELY, has triumphed o'er death and the tomb;
'Mid her virtues soft fragrance ascended on high,
O'er the mourners of earth looking down with a sigh.

Why weep that she left our pavilion of care,
When sorrow and anguish are tenanted here;
Why weep for the happy in regions of bliss,
Rather mourn for your friends yet abiding in this.

"Though here the decree of decay is reversed,
And the child who should follow has faded the first;"
Yet the ripening for Heaven to no age is confined—
But to pureness, and sweetness, and richness of mind.

Of such, are the saints in the bright realms of love,
Who are oft soonest called to the glories above;

Their circle on earth left in tears to deplore,
That here we behold their example no more.

Yet when her fair spirit its counsel bestowed,
It expanded fresh blossoms of mind where it flowed;
In aid of the truths which best WISDOM had given,
And allured by the promise and precept of Heaven.

The dread King of terrors, the shroud and the tomb,
Waked no fears in her bosom, or sorrow or gloom;
To a soul thus refined, the world seemed but as dross,
And her spirit was cheered by embracing the cross.

Omnipotence called, she was prompt to obey
And HERE but inherits a dwelling of clay;
But immortal in splendor to her has been given,
In lieu of earth's blessings, a mansion in Heaven.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH L. PICKERING, OF FRANKFORD, PA.

Another lov'd one meets the unerring stroke,
With trusting faith, and words of holy cheer;—
While the fond ties of yearning nature broke,
Leave a sad group of anguished mourners here:
Life wears a gloom survivors long must mourn,
For joys departed—never to return.

Sincere and artless—friendship's blooming bowers,
Pour'd their rich tribute o'er her feeling breast,
And the lov'd scenes of life's endearing hours,
With warm attachments, all her heart possess'd:
Till fell disease—nor LOVE, nor SKILL could save—
Bore her fair form slow onward to the grave.

The charms of nature, in calm beauty drest,
And the sweet ties of home, at length gave way;
Her powers ennobled, higher views had blest—
No cloud of sorrow dimm'd that holy day;
This world then pall'd upon her aching sight,
When rose that hallow'd morn, and all was light.

Adieu! dear saint, now at the Fountain pure,
Whose heavenly murmurs cheer the ransom'd soul—
Love—boundless love, in holy PROMISE sure,
Did in the "Book of Life" thy name enroll—
While golden harps with grateful praise prolong,
The symphony that swells the Seraphs' song.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO DEBORAH BRINGHURST.

Advancing onward to life's feeble verge,
Yet seek I not to pen a gloomy dirge,
While recollection cheers the humble mind,
With the rich blessings life has left behind;
There they like pearls in memory's casket shine—
The joys I have possess'd, with grateful heart are mine.
Pleas'd I have pass'd a few bright hours with thee,
And deeply drank of social sympathy;
Much of the past recounted fondly o'er—
Days sweetly blest—alas! return no more.
But calm content with thankful homage bows,
For all the present of the future knows:
Taught by the Father of all good, through faith
How dear the blessings are, revealed by death—
Not transitory like our planet's joys,
Which a breath kindles and a breath destroys;
But full, immortal, will our blessings be,
If Heaven be won—from mundane trials free.
Yet we while HERE of earthly joys may sing—
True friendship blooms not ONLY in life's spring;
Though all we loved, fond recollections bind—
Spring's earliest flowers—the snow drops of the mind.

As we advance, a richer season glows—
Bleaches the lily—flushes now the rose;
The harvest waves its beauties to the sun,
And thankful hearts will own the gracious boon;
A steadier warmth expands, as reason's ray,
O'er the calm bosom sheds its perfect day;
Friendships more firm with intellectual light,
Beam on our path and keep affection bright.
Those long detained on earth, ere being ends
Too oft outlive their comforts and their friends,—
Not so with me—affection's kindly tie,
I hope will leave me latest when I die.—
Much have I seen to love, of mother earth,
Enough to make me thankful for my birth;—
The pleasures of the heart, have been my pride—
See fifty years my chosen by my side;
From Eden's bowers the gift so valued, came,
And friendship blossomed with a softer name;
Spread round my path a thousand pleasing hues,
And every year the welcome bloom renews.—
And thou, my friend, whose cultivated mind
Draws from the friendly circles most refin'd
All those choice blessings life can yet supply,
Of mutual sympathy, and social joy;
When each to each with glad profusion pours,
Treasures of mind to cheer the passing hours;
Rich intellectual stores received and given
Enjoying all with gratitude to Heaven.—
How I regret those hours that swiftly flew
In thy society—regret now few;—

In which imagination's playful art
Entwin'd each thought with feelings of the heart.—
May I not hope, ere life's fond hopes are o'er,
Thou yet wilt see Lahasaka once more;
And in this crude essay my proofs I give,
That I would fain in thy remembrance live.

TO LYDIA S. BALDERSTON.

A poet rear'd a bank of flowers,
With aged, and with feeble powers—
Though neither gaudy, rich, nor rare,—
One favorite plant enjoys his care.

It is not splendid as the rose,
Which round the rural mansion blows;
Not such its richly tinted leaves,
Nor such the praises it receives.

Its unpretending charms are given,
A pleasing precious boon of Heaven;
Humility its modest braid,—
It blooms in sunshine and in shade.

It is a pure and smiling blossom,
As ever graced a poet's bosom;
With joy receives each favor sent,
And he has named the flower—CONTENT.

LINES ADDRESSED BY THE AUTHOR TO HIS WIFE, ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

Now dearest, half a century 's past—
We've reached our jubilee at last,
Together past youth's joyous hours
And found our path oft strewn with flowers;
Together firmly met some trials,
And jointly made some self-denials ;
For cares, afflictions, will betide—
Yet we kept cheerful side by side.
Our children ruled with steady hand,
Scarce ever waited a command;
And competence our wants supplied
For prudent use, but not for pride—
But youth has fled : my locks of age
Are silvered in life's pilgrimage ;
Though chill and grey, limbs feeble—old
My heart to thee is never cold;
For thou for fifty years hast been
My joy, my happiness,—my queen :
And now life's lamp gives feeble light
Affection makes the moments bright.
Though oft disease with sombre gloom
Darkly has shadowed forth the tomb,

Heaven heard the warm and heart-felt prayer—
But still "Thy will be done," was there:
Oft to the Throne we've had access—
Heaven blest us—and delights to bless.
'Tis now not far to that dark bourne
From whence no travelers return;
Life's down-hill path we'll still improve
With every kindness taught by love;
We'll cheer it with remembrance strong—
It may be rough, but can't be long.
For past enjoyments—blessings given,
We'll offer grateful thanks to Heaven:
And when the power who gave life's boon
Shall summon us to lay it down—
With meek submission may we bow
To meet the stroke that lays us low—
Through Heaven's all gracious power confessing
To the aged Christian—death's a blessing.

THE MOLE AND OTHER ANIMALS IN COUNCIL.

A FABLE.

A mole puffed up with self-conceit,
Though neither quick of sight nor wit,
Hearing a council would be held
Of quadrupeds in neighboring field,
Hasten'd to teach the vulgar beasts
Concerning their true interests.
Then rais'd a little swelling mound,
From whence his counsels to propound—
Smooth'd well his band and surplice down,
Over his mole-skin sable gown;
Call'd to his brethren of the laity—
"In multitude of counsel's safety—
I come my fervent zeal exciting
On anxious duty PROSELYTING;
And first of sight—I would advise
You put out, or blindfold your eyes!
You must have found from long experience
They are a real inconvenience:
Burrow in earth by my example—
You'll want no eyes in such a temple.
I've lived without a length of years
With scarce a foe to wake my fears;
Whereas all you, thus cursed with sight
Are ever found in chase or flight—

Nature provides what food WE want
Near home, and by a liberal grant;
And had she formed you without eyes,
You'd have an earthly paradise:
Although in sight you may abound
You must purvey the country round—
The farmers ever on the watch,
Your roving plunderers to catch—
And all your evils, fear or flight,
Proceed from having too much light.

A LYNX with open ears and eyes
Provoked at such absurdities,
Before the orator had done
Called out indignantly—begone
And delve in darkness poor blind elf,
To suit your own conceited self;
Know, children of THE DAY, have found
The LIGHT a blessing above ground.

MORAL.

Beware—lest rashly you decide,
For others—what should rule and guide.

AN ASPIRATION OF PRAISE TO THE CREATOR.

O thou! who on the waters moved,
Ere light her radiant wing unfurl'd;
When day first heard thy voice belov'd,
And darkness fled behind the world;

On us, O let thy mercies shine;
On us, thy light, thy grace descend—
Awake our souls with beams of thine,
To feel thou art the sinner's friend.

At thy dread touch the mountains smoke,
The hills all tremble at thy voice;
But when in mercy thou hast spoke,
"The fountains of the deep" rejoice.

Thou bidst the clouds thro' ether roam,
And they obey thy voice with fear;
Thou call'st the vivid lightnings home,
And lo, they answer "Here we are!"

The dedicated soul can see
All nature joys at thy commands;
The forests bow in praise to Thee,
The floods exulting "clap their hands."

Man, only man, ungrateful seen
With anxious eye and brow of care;
If humbly thankful, he had been
Made "joyful in thy house of prayer."

The heart's first fruits then offered be,
Not flocks and herds, nor oil and wine;
"Rivers of oil" belong to Thee—
Flocks of a "thousand hills" are Thine.

Thou Great Supreme! how cold the praise,
From tongues which of the dust are made!
Let Seraph lips the anthem raise,
Cherubic orisons be paid.

Pour on our dark estate, O Lord!
Thine orient rays of mental light;
Relume our vision in thy word,
And make us in thy peace delight.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE EAGLE

ON SEEING A FAN MADE FROM THE PINIONS OF THE ROYAL BIRD.

Thou bird of might, thou wing of power!
Com'st thou from the realms of day;
Stoop'st thou from ærial tower,
These mortal relics to survey!
What makes these here?
What doom severe?
A bauble for the young and gay!

Perchance that daring wing of thine,
Has swept o'er Chimborazo's peak;
Or prowl'd for prey along the line
Of cliffs, Niagara's torrents shake;
By trade a King,
Thy trophies bring;
But slumbering vengeance yet may wake.

Is war, is massacre thy trade?
To rob the fold, unblenched by fear;
The infant's cradle rights invade;
Snatched from maternal love and care?
Ah! power and might
Respect no right,
When they erect their crest for war.

Was't honor, that thy mystic form
Should lead the martial Victor's van?
And foremost in the maniac storm,
To pour its wrath on suffering man?
Some foeman's hand,
With reckless brand,
Has shorn this trophy from thy clan.

When Jesus rose from Jordon's wave,
Did'st thou upon the Saviour light?
Or was't the Dove, the symbol gave
Of innocence, pure emblem bright:
Jehovah then,
Proclaimed to men,
In his blest warfare all may fight.

Should nations who thy emblem boast,
Adopt the Dove, like humble Penn;
The Olive Branch precede the host,
Love—love would be their weapon then;
Thy plumes of war,
Be scattered far,
And peace would bless the sons of men.

Then Eagle throw those barbs away;
Plume thy firm wing for distant flight,
To Afric's sable shores convey
The Olive with true glory bright;

A brighter day
Shall pour a ray,
And Afric's children see the light.

This grateful office then be thine,
The harbinger from peaceful sphere;
Justice and Mercy mark the line,
And man will yet his crimes forbear.
Then Love shall reign,
O'er Earth's broad plain,
Nor Men, nor Eagles more shall war.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. JOHN WILSON.

ADDRESSED TO P. A. F., ON HER LEAVING ELM GROVE, HIS LATE RESIDENCE.

Yes—fare thee well, the die is cast;
My views of life are dimm'd by grief;
We've sorrow'd deeply o'er the past,
Let resignation yield relief.

The friend, I hoped my eyes would close,
And slowly yonder hill ascend;
There see me laid in deep repose,
Then drop a tear, and homeward wend;

Is gone before me—lowly laid
The mortal part, beneath the sod—
To join the host of holy dead,
In adoration of their God.

Thus he, who on this mundane spot
Has lingered long; as life descends
Will find his youthful hopes ARE NOT,
And mourn the loss of early friends.

Then fare thee well—I trust we'll meet,
In a far brighter, happier sphere;
With joy may there each other greet
For hope will then fruition wear.

THE RIVAL WREATHS, OR NATURE AND ART.

When Israel's king the sceptre swayed,
Renowned for wisdom's brightest gem,
In oriental pomp arrayed,
Beneath his splendid diadem.

His deeds were blazoned far by fame,
The graceful order of his throne,
And the world's voice, with loud acclaim,
Had told the wonders there were done.

The Queen of Sheba's curious ear,
Had learned his praise in distant lands;
And more to know, and more to hear,
Had joined her suit with Jewish bands.

What splendor strikes her gazing sight!
What intellectual gems unfold!
Her mind, with rapturous delight,
Confessed "the half had not been told."

Here order reigned with skilful voice,
O'er princely pageantry around;
All in the royal smiles rejoice,
And music lends its cheering sound.

The Queen "hard questions" would propound,
To sound the depths of reason's spring;
With specious theories confound
The well poised judgment of the King.

Yet more, to try his various powers,
And prove his nice discerning eye,
Collected from the roseate bowers,
A garland tinged with every dye.

The varied hues of grove and field,
The flowrets of the gay parterre,
Their fragrance and their beauty yield,
To grace the august Presence here.

There might be seen the rose's bloom,
With the fair lily's charms to vie;
The woodbine gave its best perfume;
Tricola brought her Tyrian dye.

And now, art's magic fingers wove
A painted chaplet proudly gay,
The emblem wreath, not vainly strove,
With Nature, in her rich display.

One hand was graced with blooming sweets,
In one she held the mimic flowers;
And sure her skillful talent greets
The vision with no common powers.

Then raised the rival wreaths and cried,
"To which has tasteful art been given?

Illustrious monarch! pray decide;
Or which the glowing tints of Heaven?"

At distance from the throne she stood—
Perplex'd was now his gifted mind;
What though the visual ray was good,
Discrimination's eye was blind.

He who with fancy's finest pen,
Nature's arcana blazon'd all;
From cedars in the forest glen,
To hyssop on the garden wall.

The mournful Rabbins' downcast eye,
Confessed their monarch's wisdom foil'd;
But gloomy fears were turned to joy,
And back their fleeting hopes recoil'd.

The bees had early missed the sweets
Abducted from the odr'ous bowers;
Pursued them swift to their retreats,
To win again the truant flowers.

The king perceives the anxious throng,
About the casement murmuring round,
Darts his quick eye the swarm among—
The object of their search is found.

"Throw wide the lattice,—give us air:"
Instant the mandate was obey'd;

In rushed the insects round the fair,
Their nectared taste with joy display'd.

The toils of art no favor drew;
Nice judging instinct soon proclaimed,
They honied manna had in view,
From Nature, not from Art obtained.

The Queen, astonished, felt the power
Of mind o'er sense, discovered here;
The court their gratulations pour—
Their Sovereign's judgment's RENDERED clear.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Hail! little spirit of the bower,
Fluttering round on magic wing;
Attendant on each perfumed flower,
That gems the emerald robe of Spring.

Who sees thy path? thyself scarce seen,
Now here, now there thy fairy form;
Those beauteous tints perchance have been,
Stolen from the rainbow after storm.

Sip from the fragrant jasmine now,
Or graceful woodbine's deeper cup;
Sport on the rose's verdant bough,
Or with the lowly violet sup.

Thus when the orient source of day,
With purple rays repaints thy plumes;
'Mongst rival sweets delighted stray,
'Till evening's gilding glory comes.

May's blushing morn will pass away:
Then gleam among our summer bowers;
And frost will hardly dare to lay,
His cold hand on such cherished flowers.

Ah! Boreas from the icy north,
With Flora's train may ill agree;
Cold flakes and frost come blustering forth,
And winter has no charms for thee.

Could'st thou to blooming Mira go,
Say flowers of Earth will fade anon;
Yet buds of paradise will blow,
When those of our dull clime are gone.

No blights deform, no cankers prey,
On the immortal blossom fair;
If Heaven such beauty HERE display,
What may the humble hope for THERE!

May thou and I, ere winter come,
Know where to rest our weary wing;
Thou ask'st a TRANSIENT flowery home,
I covet an ETERNAL spring.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Lady, I THUS meet thy request,
Else, should I not have deemed it best,
To scribble on this spotless page,
With the weak, trembling pen of age.
I've written in TIME's Album long,
Sketches of life with moral song;
Blotted in haste full many a leaf,
Whose list of beauties might be brief
Could I some pleasing views NOW glean,
'Twould make at best a winter scene;
On the BLEAK side of seventy years,
How sear the foliage appears;
And frost-nipt flowers we strive in vain
By culture to revive again;
The snows of time my temples strew,
Warning to bid the muse adieu.

THE YOUNG LADY TO HER ALBUM.

'Tis not the gilded edge I ween,
Or cover rich by fancy wrought;
But the kind thoughts which lie between,
That make a dear "forget me not."

My eye FIRST meets the pensive line,
Trac'd by a hand to friendship true;
And feeling consecrates it mine—
A SACRED, LONG, and LAST adieu.

Nor needed is the "letter'd stone,"
Nor name upon the "storied tree,"
Long, long to make his virtues known,
Or wake remembrance dear to ME.

And HERE the days of early youth,
Before my raptured view array'd;
Recall loved scenes of peace and truth,
By friendship's glowing pen portray'd.

Affection's free unvarnish'd tale,
Pure, warm, sincere, has graced THIS page,
Which I reciprocating hail,
Each tender wish, and kind presage.

And THERE an elder sister threw,
Those moral tints that form the mind;
She held fair virtue up to view,
With every winning charm combined.

Still farther on, reflecting AGE,
With trembling hand impress'd the line;
Bade Heavenly hopes my heart engage,—
His blessing, and his prayers were mine.

THIS, from a friend who grew estranged,
And "friendship took a colder form;"
When all the glow of kindness changed,
Its ashes fill'd an early urn.

Yet shall not memory prompt the sigh,
Tho' some bright cherish'd dreams depart,
While nature's beauties charm my eye;
And friendship's pleasures warm my heart.

LINES ON A SLEEPING CHILD.

BY FANNY KEMBLE.

Oh! child, that to this evil world art come,
Led by the unseen hand of Him who guards thee,
Welcome into this dungeon house, thy home,
Welcome to all the woe this life affords thee.

Upon thy forehead yet, the badge of sin
Hath worn no trace, thou look'st as though from Heaven;
But pain, and guilt, and misery lie within:
Poor exile! from thy happy birthland driven.

Thine eyes are seal'd by the soft hand of sleep,
And like unrippled waves thy slumber seems;
The time 's at hand when thou must wake to weep,
Or sleeping walk a restless world of dreams.

How oft, as day by day life's burthen lies
Heavier and darker on thy fainting soul,
Wilt thou towards Heaven turn thy weary eyes,
And long in bitterness to reach the goal.

How oft wilt thou upon time's dreary road,
Gaze at thy early, far off days, in vain;
Weeping how oft wilt thou cast down thy load,
And curse, and pray, then take it up again.

How many times shall hope, the fiend, extend
Her poison'd chalice to thy thirsty lips;
How oft shall love its withering sunshine lend,
To leave thee only a more dense eclipse.

How oft shall sorrow strain thee in her grasp,
How oft shall sin laugh at thine overthrow;
How oft shall doubt, despair, and anguish clasp
Their knotted arms around thy aching brow.

Oh bird of light! hail to thy narrow cage!
Oh living soul! hail to thy gloomy cave!
Welcome to longing youth, to loathing age,
Welcome immortal to thy living grave!

PARODY ON THE FOREGOING VERSES.

Welcome fair stranger, to the gladsome meetings
Of hope, and joy, and love, this earth affords thee;
Welcome to this good world of social greetings,
Led by the unseen hand of him who guards thee.

Upon thy forehead yet, no badge of sin
Hath worn a trace, thou look'st as fresh from Heaven;
While all is peace and innocence within,
No exile thou, from happy birth-land driven.

Thine eyes are sealed by the soft hand of sleep
And like the peaceful wave thy slumber seems;
Be distant far the day thou 'lt wake to weep,
Or sleeping, walk a restless world of dreams.

How oft, as day by day, life's burthen lies,
Heavier and darker on the GUILTY soul,
Wilt THOU towards Heaven turn thy joyful eyes,
And learn to prize it as life's happy goal.

How oft may'st thou, upon time's flowery road,
See prospects, which to realize were vain;
Feel life's afflictions an oppressive load,
Yet no weak murmurings thy lips profane.

How many times shall hope, thy FRIEND, extend,
Her cheering chalice to thy thirsty lips;
And love his happiest, holiest influence lend—
O'er false allurements throw a dense eclipse.

Though sorrow oft should fold thee in her grasp,
Yet ne'er may sin laugh at thine overthrow,
Nor evil doubts, nor blank despair enclasp
Their knotted arms around thy aching brow.

Bird, form'd for bliss! this earth's a narrow cage,
Too frail to hold immortals in the tomb;
Yet Heaven will guide thee to a nobler stage,
And angels welcome to thy final home.

THE THUMB.

When we take a calm view of the boon of existence,
How wonderful man is, "and fearfully made;"
Every limb gives its aid in procuring subsistence,
As nature's and reason's commands are obey'd.

That elegant organ, the eye, is displaying
Its marvels in beauty, with usefulness join'd;
The ear's mechanism, too, sweetly conveying
All nature's soft melodies into the mind.

To man, but in common with animal natures,
These organs of sense have been liberally given;
But to him, over all the inferior creatures,
There is one puny limb, makes him lord under Heaven.

'Tis the THUMB, by philosophers seldom been noted;
By our poets and minstrels has never been sung;
Essential to all, but to silence devoted,
Unprais'd and unnoticed by pen or the tongue.

When from Paradise driven, the world was before him,
A wilderness, rude every mountain and plain;
But this little member to hope could restore him,
The woodlands soon golden were, waving with grain.

The earth to subdue, was the task then assigned him,
Dominion and rule o'er the beasts of the field;
But the THUMB, human energies all are combined in,
And the lion and tiger submission must yield.

Had man lack'd but THIS, this priceless addition,
His race had been long since extinguished and gone;
Or savage remained here, in sullen submission,
And social relations unsought and unknown.

No soil had been till'd, and no beast of the forest
Respected or own'd the dominion of man;
With evils oppress'd and afflictions the sorest;
By the Lord of the Universe placed under ban.

Had the THUMB never been, not a fish from the ocean
Had been drawn, nor a tree in the forest been fell'd;
No ship on the waves, nor on land locomotion,
With thrice his keen intellect, man had beheld.

No arts, and no commerce, all science been sleeping;
No harp sweetly warbling its notes to the wild;
And THUMBLESS, blank nature in solitude weeping
That ART had not e'er on her loneliness smiled.

What a void! where is now the republic of letters?
Though legions of fingers were ready at call,
Not a muse be alert, when the mind was in fetters,
On the pages of genius to thumb out a scrawl!

There's one use of the THUMB, deprecated as worse,
  Than not using so gifted an organ at all,
When employing the pen, spreading foul slander's curse;
  Or the type, vending poison, life's peace to enthral.

The thumb points to duty, it plainly appearing
  That man was for labor intended by heaven;
Reward sweetens toil, every blessing endearing,
  What a treasure in this small appendage is given!

But how is our gratitude shown for the blessing,
  For the sweets of our toil, are we thankless and dumb?
The sweat of the brow, the price paid for transgressing,
  Mercy anticipated, and gave us the THUMB.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Time silent moves, tho' with a swift career,
With joy to many, ushers in the year;
To others all their hopes involves in gloom,
Their earthly blessings centered in the tomb.
Thus life with mingled shades of good and ill,
Felicitous, or care-worn, all fulfil.
Here, notes of sorrow the pain'd ear assail,
There, songs of gladness echo, peace, all hail!
See! cries the boasting politician — see!
Unnumber'd blessings crown where man is FREE.
Yes, fold your arms, enjoy the bounty given;
What man so blind but sees the smiles of Heaven?
Invention, rich emboss'd, our country's pride!
Pours o'er our land her tribute far and wide;
Our commerce driven by FIRE, or sails unfurl'd,
Bears here, or hence, the products of the world.
But is this picture just? Where joys abound,
Does no dark spot Columbia's bliss confound?
Ask the poor Indian, basely robb'd of home,
Condemned anew the wilderness to roam;
The arts of cultured life essay'd in vain.
An outcast, banish'd to the wilds again.
From country, home, his fireside forced away,
And his demesne to lawless hands a prey.
And should some friendly, feeling mind inquire
If he such PEACE or HAPPINESS desire,

His kindling griefs in mutter'd thunders rise;
Vengeance he meditates as comfort dies;
Weeps o'er the ashes of his buried friends,
And sullen, slow, retires to western fens.
Do Afric's swarthy tribes enjoy the scene?
No haunting sorrows shroud the 'deep serene?'
Do the sweet warblers of the grove awake
Columbia's harmony for Congo's sake?
Or Spring unfold her blossom braided limb
To soothe his sorrows or to gladden him?
Or autumn spread for him her treasur'd store
Of choicest blessings in an ample shower?
Ah, no! of Slavery's deep felt pangs the smart
Is his, the anguish of a tortured heart.
The tears of wretchedness, the woes that spring,
When hope no longer will her succor bring.
Torn from his country all his heart held dear,
To pine in misery's dark cabin here.
Enough of guilt to stain our country's pride,
Of woes to "sink a navy" in her tide;
But does the cause of liberty advance?
Will her brave sons her noblest gifts enhance?
Is Poland leading on her tuneful choir,
Blest with her presence, glowing with her fire?
Or has a despot's arm now crushed the brave;
Inscribed upon their loftiest towers — SLAVE?
Has haughty Albion, zealous for reform,
Bowed to the yoke, or yielded to the storm?
Will her bold yeomen reap a generous soil,
To share a scanty pittance from their toil?

Still shall a lordly, hierarchal post,
In splendid luxury, consume the rest?
Spain sunk in apathy and hopeless gloom,
Like the deaf adder, silent waits her doom.
Too low for hope to raise her from the dust,
Fixed is her fate and though severe 'tis just.
Past is her day of splendor and of fame,
Now blight and wretchedness o'ercloud her name.
Behold our country! Pennsylvania groans
Beneath the pressure of IMPROVEMENT loans;
Canals and rail-roads lay the country waste,
She mortgages her wealth with thriftless haste,
Ingulfs her treasures faster than they're given,
Anticipates the promised boon of Heaven;
Like courtly nations swells her leagured debt,
And leaves us little for our deep regret.
But, far avaunt, despair; a hand unseen,
With PERFECT WISDOM guides the vast machine.
The tide of life swells higher as it rolls,
Nor ebbing LIBERTY our hopes controls;
Our native foresters shall find a home
Unfetter'd privileg'd by Heaven to roam.
The swarthy African erect shall stand,
And Freedom swell his veins on Freedom's land,
And Europe's children hear the great decree,
Loose be your shackles, be you blest, be free!
Columbia's sons redeem each great emprize,
E'n nullifiers of the South—be wise.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Man as he was — in ages dark,
The child of ignorance and wrath;
With scarce a bright redeeming spark
Of knowledge, to illume his path.

He scaled the mountain's rugged side,
As nature's commoner to roam;
Till culture brought efficient aid,
And tamed the virtues round his home.

Man as he is — a wayward child,
To folly prone, of reckless will;
But science on his labors smiled,
And bade him high designs fulfil.

With every good within his reach,
His languid virtues feared to rise;
What reason and religion teach,
The maxims of the world despise.

Man as he should be — mind erect,
And looking up to nature's God;

Maintains through life his self respect,
And treads the path the good have trod.

Man as he should be — free as air,
Rejoicing in his happy lot;
And thankful for the bounteous share
Of blessings showered around his cot.

Man as he should be — temperate, just;
Above the low pursuits of pride;
Slave to no vile degrading lust,
Has truth and wisdom for his guide.

Man as he should be — would this day,
Above all in the flight of time,
The FLAG OF GRATITUDE display,
And consecrate to rights Divine.

Man as he should be — mind serene,
Would shun this day the madd'ning bowl;
Make this high festival a scene
Of moral worth, to feast the soul.

Then will our favored country stand
On freedom's pedestal, so fair,
For justice high, and manners bland,
As reason's, freedom's, virtue's shield.

WRITTEN UNDER A PRINT REPRESENTING THE JEWESS REBECCA.

A SCENE FROM IVANHOE.

See Abraham's daughter HERE portray'd,
Who every excellence combined;
And Scotia's generous bard essay'd
A garland round her brow to bind.

He gather'd each ideal grace,
That grew in Fancy's rich parterre;
The loveliest tints of mind and face;
The blooming chaplet wreathed for her.

The charming Israelite shall wear
The garland, down to latest time;
A model for the CHRISTIAN fair,
The flower of Zion's storied clime.

Thanks to the Bard whose noble fire,
Glow'd with so dignified a flame;
Not Judah's harp could e'er aspire,
A happier eulogy to frame.

Rebecca's virtues long shall bloom,
Through time embalm the poet's fame;
And Time himself, will ne'er entomb
A fairer, loftier, nobler name.

ON THE DEATH OF HANNAH KIRKBRIDE.

ADDRESSED TO HER SISTERS IN SOCIETY.

Sisters, you have cause to mourn:
Yours is now the house of sorrow;
Kirkbride 's ended her sojourn,
For Heaven's everlasting morrow;
A zeal so pure, and praise and prayer,
We trust have found acceptance there.

By the bounty of her God,
She a lengthen'd visit paid you;
She the path of duty trod,
Every nerve was strained to aid you;
The feebleness of age could ne'er
Abate her zeal, for love was there.

Soothing, patient, calm, collected,
Wise in council, you have found her,
All her views by truth directed;
All the blandest feelings round her;
And gently exercising care
O'er all the flock, for truth was there.

Who shall fill the vacant seat?
Can you, my mourning sisters, tell,
As she rose her God to meet,
On whom the inspiring mantle fell?
O! may a double portion, blest,
Of her pure spirit, on you rest!

Death an easy conquest found her;
Yet no triumph shall he boast;
Weak the bonds to earth that bound her,
Scarce a pang her freedom cost.
This mortal life was not her care,
Her life was faith, and hope, and prayer.

Long cherish'd by Divine regard,
Within this world of grief and pain;
Call'd to receive her rich reward,
"Our loss is her eternal gain;"
Be grateful for the blessing given,
This bright example lent by Heaven!

TO EDWARD HICKS.

ON HIS PROPOSING TO EXECUTE A PAINTING COMMEMORATIVE OF THE PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Two sister Arts descended from above,
And both the offspring of Almighty love,
The painter's eye with noble genius fir'd,
The poet's soul with kindred light inspir'd,
Each, cultivated with a chastened mind,
Formed to instruct, and to delight mankind.
To THEE the pencil's graphic arts belong,
And I, at humble distance, court the song:
Fain would I see thy powerful art portray'd,
To lend to Liberty its generous aid.
But where begin, where first the standard raise
Not in the obscurity of ancient days;
Naught 'mid the Antidiluvian range appears,
Through the dark vista of two thousand years;
Nor from the Flood's o'erwhelming data show,
Her hallow'd favors, when mankind were few.
But when the glorious Son of Heaven descends,
Sent by Omnipotence for gracious ends:
Then was reveal'd thro' Him the Christian plan,
So rich with blessings to his creature man.
There on the mount the rising flame began,
Warm'd the Apostles, spread from man to man,

The Heavenly ray expanding from its birth,
With holy radiance mark'd its path on earth,
Till bigotry, dread foe to all that's dear
To Christian liberty, then grasp'd the spear,
With potent malice the dire weapon hurl'd,
And half unpeopled all the Christian world;
From age to age the bloody signet ran,
Pride was its object, and its subject man.
From Rome's proud Bishop, Lo! the mandate springs,
And the yoke binds upon the neck of kings;
Where'er religious liberty arose,
She soon was compass'd by a host of foes;
There the poor Huguenots by thousands slain,
Drench'd with their life blood Gallia's guilty plain;
Ere this, a twinkling ray of light we find,
Which half illuminated Calvin's mind;
And Luther saw the radiance from afar,
Beaming before him like a distant star.
Far in perspective let their forms be seen,
And poor Servetus' flaming pyre between.
Let the meek, humble Shepherd* find a place,
And Penn, and Barclay will thy canvass grace;
With hosts of worthies, who could nobly dare
Contend for liberty with praise and prayer.
These group'd together on the right we see,
Below them, friends of Afric's liberty.
Mark the high impulse, first propell'd by Lay †
The rough enthusiast pioneer'd the way;

* Fox.

† See his Life, by R. Vaux.

With wound fictitious, and with crimson'd hand,
Arous'd the slumbering feeling of the land.
The gentle Benezet here finds his place
'Mong the good advocates of Afric's race;
View his slow moving bier, which worth endears,
And a whole city's sable sons in tears.
Clarkson, in Freedom's cause, with fervent zeal,
And holy confidence for Afric's weal,
Travers'd the British isles, in mercy's aid;
To loose the fetters selfish man had made;
Touch'd every string that vibrates round the heart,
With noble energy sustained his part.
There Wilberforce, with reason bold and strong,
Pour'd his full soul redressive of their wrong,
And rang a solemn, loud, and long appeal
To all who FELT, or wanted HEARTS to feel.
Show'd India's sweets, their too luxurious food,
To the mind's eye, were "dy'd with Afric's blood."
To freedom's ranks, what numbers Truth has given,
But who recounts the starry hosts of Heaven!
Paint what thou canst upon the living scroll!
And pour a ray of genius round the whole.

LINES ADDRESSED TO E. L. P.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

We mourn not the aged, who sleep full of years,
And honours full blown, which their brows were adorning;
'Tis infantile loveliness calls for our tears,
Departed in beauty's first dawn of her morning.

Like the rosebud unfolding its leaves, moist with dew;
Bright hopes of the future around her were shining,
As gems intellectual expanded to view;
All the feminine graces young life were entwining.

Those lispings of gladness no more shall we hear,
The mind's lovely promise, how transiently glowing,
While her life's ermine page was unstained by a tear
For the crimes or the sorrows of life, ever flowing.

As the morn's brilliant ray sparkling on to the west,
Inhaling rich fragrance from bowers of roses,
As a zephyr she past us, retiring to rest,
So brief was her course—now in Heaven reposes.

Compassion for us may be shading that brow,
That Cherub voice, PERFECT NOW, softly be pleading;
Cease to weep for the happy, for rapture is now
Encircling blest souls, as earth's joys are receding.

Though rosy and bright was my pathway with you,
'Twas dark, when compared with the radiance HERE beaming;
Though with tears you have bid me a mortal adieu,
We shall meet where true joys are all sorrows redeeming.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A PAINTING OF HANNAH MOORE'S COTTAGE.

Is this fam'd Barley-wood? the cot
Where genius was so long enshrin'd?
The charming, still, sequestered spot,
Where taste would homage pay to mind.

'Tis simple, as the wild rose flower
That fringes round the silent lake;
A tasteful, lovely, sylvan bower,
As nature dress'd by art could make.

And HERE the votaries of fame,—
Their minds enrich'd with classic lore,—
From distant lands admiring came
To greet the INTELLECTUAL MOORE.

'Twas peaceful all, an humble dome,
Where ease and elegance co bin'd
To mingle with the joys of HOME,
The purest pleasures of the mind.

And every grace that breath'd around,
Was guardian of the hallow'd seat;
And wit, and worth, and genius found,
A welcome at this lone retreat.

THE EAGLE, A SYMBOL IN WAR.

Proud Eagle! fit emblem of war,
To lead on the armies of men;
Thy might, and thy fierceness declare
THEE, tyrant of field and of fen;
In carnage and slaughter, thou lead'st on the van,
And the blessings of peace are all placed under ban.

Where has NOT the robber-bird flown?
Dominion he claims o'er the world,
And he grasps at the Earth as his own,
THE DART OF DEFIANCE is hurled;
Where next will he hover, a symbol of wrath?
O'er the joys of existence, the blight of our path!

Gaul spread his broad pinions—he flew—
His beak soon in crimson was dyed,
And peace from the world then withdrew,
While VENGEANCE his victims supplied;
Thus marking his path with destruction and fear,
To havoc and ruin a swift pioneer.

Plunder'd Afric! we mourn o'er the guilt
Which has stolen thy children: a crime
By which torrents of blood have been spilt,
The stain and reproach of our clime;

And slaves, as the cruel, and first fruits of war,
In triumph are dragged at the conquerer's car.

Should the chain of oppression be broken,
And the slave, by a righteous decree,
Be known as a MAN, by the token
That Heaven proclaimed him the free;
Rejoicing, he lightly will move o'er the plain,
And Freedom as proudly shall wash out the stain.

The Eagle no longer for rapine and spoil,
Shall wing his bold flight o'er the wave,
The children of Afric in war to embroil,
That the robber may seize on his slave;
And Christians no longer a license enrol
For the sinews and blood of their brothers to prowl.

No; MY COUNTRY, at least, will forbear,
And seek a new ensign, the Dove,
Nor symbol of wrath will uprear,
But serve under banners of love:
The nations will hail the new era from Heaven,
With songs of rejoicing, and gratitude given.

Then, Eagle, aloft rise in air,
With thy olive branch, emblem of peace!
Thy darts shall no more be thy care,
And war and injustice will cease.
On the altar of love, every wrong be consumed,
And the warrior's false glory and pride be deplumed.

Let a wing far more humble aspire,
Which boasts not of physical power;
Be its plume tipped with pure moral fire,
And the PRESS with dark thunder shall lower:
'Twill break up the slumbers of MAN-STEALING man,
And freedom, triumphant, rejoice in her plan.

TO MALVINA,

ON HER LINES ENTITLED "FAREWELL."

"The daughter of Toscar was there, and her voice was like the harp when the distant sound comes in the evening, on the soft rustling breeze of the vale." OSSIAN.

Oh! I love that soft key, that symphonious swell,
Which breathes in Malvina's ecstatic farewell;
'Tis enrob'd in true taste, for the HEART feels the glow,
And few touch the harp with such sweetness as thou.

Fair daughter of Toscar, sweep the strings once again,
Swell the note up to joy, in melodious strain;
Let the sun's orient beams gild thy path o'er the dell,
Nor dwell with "gray mists," in a mournful farewell.

If one gleam of true friendship, endeared by its stay,
Light the gloom round the breast, when its joys are away;
Hope spreads her gay pinions to glad their return,
Nor joyless the sorrow which weeps their sojourn.

Four days set in hope in yon regions afar,
We may bask in the beams of sweet eve's dewy star;
Commingle the virtues round friendship's pure shrine,
How rich the enjoyment when wholly divine.

When the spirit of song shall again cheer our vale,
And the light of Malvina's soul floats on the gale;
May its voice speak with rapture of friendship's return,
And joy greeting joy, shall few absentees mourn.

NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS FOR 1832.

In the records of Time, as reported by sages,
Man still has progressed in each science and art;
But the volume of life yet has many marr'd pages,
Which on a review, joy nor peace can impart.

Are we ready to hail the new year on his way?
How stands the account with the one just gone by?
Is there no cherish'd vice we are prompt to obey?
The virtues and duties how will they reply?

Has our duty to Him who now lends us the year,
Been ardently, humbly, and feelingly done?
Has the Saviour's blest precepts been gratefully dear?
Then on this page of life the great plaudit is won.

Our Neighbor comes next in the precept as given,
When love should be felt, as for self we may feel;
Have we often revolved this memento of Heaven?
With brotherly kindness consulted his weal?

In the path of sheer folly, when wandering astray,
Have we honestly shown him a pitfall is near?
"The gulf of intemperance lies in thy way,
'Tis a vortex of ruin, ah! wilt thou not hear?"

The Widow, the Orphan, now bring their account
Simple justice will not meet the balance due here;
Has our kindness and charity swell'd the amount
Of acts nobly done which may grace the past year?

Has the praise of our Country been chaunted with joy?
Its justice and clemency soothing our ear;
Does naught in her councils those feelings destroy?
How will the robb'd RED MAN now hail the new year?

The civilized arts were just opening his mind,
In the sun of protection he bask'd a short day;
Was the act that expell'd him unchristian, unkind:
Does justice say, "Hence, to the wilds again stray?"

Oh, I blush for my country, the noble, the free,
That Liberty makes such wide difference here;
That freedom, and comfort, and joy should not be,
"Unalienable rights" at the birth of the year.

The poor African, too, our compassion should share;
Can we feel for the Slave in his desolate state?
His privations and griefs, are they part of our care,
When we supplicate Mercy to soften his fate?

Has any deep sorrow been sooth'd or appeas'd,
His rights of enjoyments restored or amended?
Or has the deep blot on our nation increas'd;
Fed and cloth'd by his toil is not conscience offended?

These questions all answered with truth and with peace,
The duties completed, the charities done,
We confidingly hope as new years may increase,
That our joy and our peace have been honestly won.

If all's well at home, look abroad o'er the world,
Where the seeds of confusion have broad cast been sown;
See Liberty strug gling, with banners unfurl'd;
Thine eye all complacent, reverts to thy HOME.

The heart mourns o'er Poland, in the toils she is taken!
Her brave and her wise, are now low in the dust,
And freedom laments o'er her altar's forsaken,
How sweeping the ruin, how cruel, unjust!

There Albion's wild rage is avenging the deed,
Which deprived her of hope, in her promised reform;
And Liberty sorrows o'er Anarchy's creed,
Which riots in ruin, and joys to deform.

See France vacillating, unsteady her course,
And freedom is there on the tenters beset;
The late reign of terror has broken her force,
Though she yet has a host in her own Lafayette.

Ah, yet there is one lovely isle of the ocean,
The fairest, the greenest, the world ever saw!
To which the heart turns with the fondest emotion,
Of her wide roaming children, 'tis "Erin go Bragh."

'Twas the home of our Fathers, by suff'ring endear'd;
Misgovern'd, maltreated, it smiles o'er the sea;
Her warm hearted sons are by freedom rever'd,
And deserve all the blessings enjoy'd by the FREE.

But Liberty's building a booth in the West,
Where her sons are now learning her triumphs to share;
At one mighty effort, one heave of the breast,
She expell'd the Incubus, the moral NIGHTMARE.

Yet still must her lessons be zealously taught,
Her rational precepts, be studied with care,
The true pearl of freedom, with wisdom be sought,
'Tis a gem of great price, and of brilliancy rare.

Then, all hail Columbia, from east to the west!
The asylum for freedom, all eyes are on thee!
Let gratitude beat with each pulse of the breast,
Be prudent, be peaceful, be just, and be free.

TO MARY WILSON,

On her sending, by her little son, a basket of Flowers, accompanied by a poetical letter to the Author's wife.

Thanks, gentle friend! thy garland rare,
All bright with native gems bedeck'd,—
Presented by a cherub fair,
We fondly cherish with respect.

Yet one far dearer thou did'st send,
With mental beauty richly braided;
A tribute to thy "mother's friend,"
Who long will keep its hues unfaded.

But soon she may not pay the debt,
In polished verse, and tuneful numbers;
Yet, though the muses may forget,
A heart affectionate remembers.

An orphan in life's early morn,
Thy childhood learned the notes of sorrow,
As parents passed that solemn bourn,
That hails not a returning morrow.

But kindred hearts, to feeling true,
Witness their virtues have DESCENDED
To those we love, in whom we view
Their worth and various talents blended.

And she, who was thy "mother's friend,"
Transferred, long since, to thee and thine
That friendship death alone can rend,
Which still her bosom will enshrine.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Too old for the muses, no fancy I bring,
No raptures I offer, no ecstacies sing;
The sunshine or storm are now trifles to me,
While I know what I am, and what soon I must be.

Youth loves the gay chaplet, the tulips, the roses,
That bloom in life's spring time, so odorous and fair;
In fancy's rich bowers her mind she reposes,
And finds every beauty and elegance there.

Time, reckless, mows down the parterre of bright flowers,
And plants, sad and sombre, may grow in their place;
The lawn and the woodlands, the streamlet and bowers,
Lose their beauty and fragrance, their richness and grace.

Go, Album, proclaim then to thy lovely mistress,
That fruits will be sought ere the sere leaf shall fall;
That spring, summer, autumn, can only have blest us,
When hearts glow with grateful remembrance for all.

PE-TAL-E-SHA-ROO.

AN AUTHENTIC INDIAN TALE.

Far to the West Missouri's stream
Pours its wild waves, to swell the roar,
Where Mexico's broad waters gleam,
And lash St. Barnard's sounding shore.

There dwelt a race of warriors wild,
Untamed and fierce, no laws they knew—
The gentle feelings all exiled—
And savage as their panther's grew.

Panted their chiefs for war and strife,
Sly as the serpent, subtle, bold,
Who only yield with parting life,—
These o'er the western prairies prowl'd.

Long had a feud of deadly wrath,
Smoulder'd, or blazed, in forests deep,
The blood of Sioux stain'd their path,
Iteau maidens wildly weep.

A Pawnee band had captive made
A chieftain's daughter of their foes,
Allur'd to treacherous ambuscade;
And Vengeance thus would claim her dues.

They doom her in their council dread,
To expiate each dire offence;
And instant to the torture led,
Reckless of sex or innocence.

The stake was set, the brushwood round—
Green withes her graceful limbs had tied,
And every twisted thong that bound,
Was anguish—her last hope had died.

But now a rushing sound is heard!
Two horses fleet, are full in view;
And ONE who danger never fear'd,
On, firmly, to the rescue flew.

Severed the cruel bands that bound,
Then rais'd her on a noble steed;
Cast glance of HIGH RESOLVE around,
And shap'd his distant course with speed.

Far to the setting sun they fly,
O'er mounts and rivers, swiftly wind,
'Till thrice his parting rays they spy;
And leave astonishment behind.

He placed her on the war-path, known,
With the "Great Spirit" for her guide;
Well pleased, this sacred duty done,
He bade adieu, and left her side.

Calm, he returned from distant plains—
No voice of praise or censure given—
In silent awe the host remains:
As struck by miracle from Heaven.

Pe-tal-e sha-roo's gallant bearing
Had won the fiercest warriors heart;
What Pawnee chief of equal daring?
Or where is found his counterpart?

They see in him a chieftain's might,
A warrior's courage, wisdom, fire;
To guide their ranks in future fight,
Heroic councils to inspire.

The youthful chief—not deeds of arms
Alone, his character portray;
His heart each generous feeling warms,
And wiles the harsher traits away.

His stately form and beaming eye,
With grace and dignity combined;
Assurance give of spirit high;
A lofty nobleness of mind.

He comes! our CAPITOL to grace,
His civic virtues b'aze his name;
An embassy his honor'd place;
Before him rolls the voice of fame.

HERE, all his chivalrous valour own,
And lavish pra'se where honor calls;
Fashion and beauty round him throng,
And admiration fills our halls.

A medal emblematic shone
On the young hero's manly breast;
The MEED from grateful beauty won,
His dauntless bravery express'd.

The SISTER-BAND with graceful air,
Address'd the chief with fair regard:
"Do thou this speaking emblem wear,
Of gallant deed the just reward.

Still be the weaker sex thy care;
Still guard them from their ruthless foes;
Thus teach the vengeful arm to spare,
And fame shall garland round thy brows."

Virtue will ever reverence claim,
In polished life, or sylvan shades;
Beneficence its holy aim,
To peaceful, generous acts persuades.

INVITATION TO H. HARKER OF PHILADELPHIA

Come away to the streamlets and fountains,
Health dwells by the side of our vale;
Her HOME's in the air of our mountains,
She is found in the breath of the gale.

The wild rose our glades is adorning,
Like the cheeks of our fair ones in bloom;
And gaily on wings of the morning,
Around is diffusing perfume.

The eglantine too, is consigning
Its sweets to the ambient air;
With our groves softest music combining
To form a retreat for the fair.

And youth's the spring tide of enjoyment,
Old Time on life's ebb floats his cares;
The HEART asks some gentle employment,
Befitting its feelings and years.

Then away to the streamlets and fountains,
Health dwells by the side of our vale;
She lives in the air of our mountains,
And is found in the breath of the gale.

WHY DON'T HE COME.

WRITTEN FOR AN ENGRAVING.

Why don't he come? I know his heart
Is all a brother's heart should be;
No poor, unworthy joys have part,
'Tis MINE, and it is ALL to me.

I'm told the way is long and wild!
Disease may find him far from home!
Without a ray of hope to gild,
Or sister's love to cheer the gloom.

Have there been tempests in his path,
With foaming waters swelling high?
And raging winds that spent their wrath
O'er his frail bark, no succor nigh?

I've look'd for him at dawning morn,
And noon has found me gazing still;
At gloomy eve, I've sat forlorn,
And watch'd the PATH beside the rill.

The LONELY bosom yet will pine,
Uncheer'd by pleasure's gayest tone,
Thus owns this aching heart of mine,
When asking oft, Why don't he come?

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER.

We must not mourn, my gentle friend,
Through life, for friends, however dear;
Grief may like evening dews descend,
If morning suns exhale the tear.

'Twas given us by Creating hand,
That we should exquisitely feel;
And then with soothing feelings bland,
That time the rankling wound should heal.

A mother's anguish pain'd thy heart;
It ceas'd—her transports hope has told;
With grief we yield the suffering part,
The MIND's within the blessed fold.

Say not, the separation 's LONG
That death your kindred souls shall sever;
The term does not to Time belong,
It has no meaning like—FOR EVER.

Say not, society has lost
The charm and grace it once possess'd;
Grief's but a canker worm at most,
That preys upon the feeling breast.

I, too, a mother's loss have mourn'd,
A dearer never own'd the name;
Long in life's perils she sojourn'd,
Then claimed my tears; I paid the claim.

And if the tenderest ties are broken,
That bind us to the joys of earth;
Look thou "aloft," see THERE a Token,
A promise of the second birth.

A brighter and a happier sphere,
For those we loved, has op'ed its portals;
A ray of joy, all unknown here,
Shines on, to bless those dear immortals.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF—ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Ah! ye have had your verdant morn,
And deck'd the groves in loveliest green;
Old time your glossy hue has shorn,
Your foliage wears a russet mien.

When early frosts, and chilling wind,
Have stain'd the woodland's thousand dyes;
The golden, crimson, orange, lend
Their every charm to tasteful eyes.

Again stern winter robs the grove—
The remnants of its faded charms,
Descending from their heights above,
Are scatter'd wildly by his storms.

Well may my friend discover here,
Similitude to man's estate;
And hear the summons to prepare—
The mortal span must have its date.

True wisdom will the young remind,
Above all storms to put their trust;
They, like the leaf, no fall we find,
The youthful MAY, the aged MUST.

HYMN.

Oh Thou! who erst in Hebrew song,
Phrophetic melodies inspired;
Bade rapt Isaiah's strains prolong
The glow the minstrel's bosom fired.

Shall one, the least of Zion's band,
Presume to wake the speaking string;
With artless notes, and tuneless hand,
An anthem raise to Zion's King?

Thy creatures follow vain desires,
Which lead them from thine altars far;
And warm them by unhallowed fires,
That dim the light of Bethlehem's star.

And 'midst the care-worn paths of time,
How seldom rise their hearts to Thee;
Too frail up virue's steep to climb;
Too proud to bow the grateful knee.

The Prodigal on husks who fed,
May PENITENT return to Thee;
Him, Father, to thy mansion lead,
Restored, forgiven, blest and free.

The following poems were written by members of Samuel Johnson's family, and as they would add, in our opinion, to the interest of the work, we shall conclude with them the present volume.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE FIRST VIEW OF A COMET.

Hail! beautiful stranger, I welcome thy beaming,
Through far depths of ether resplendently gleaming;
All glorious and bright in thy burning career,
I hail thee with reverence, unmingled with fear.

No terrors attend thee, no dread train of fire,
Portending wars, earthquakes, or pestilence dire;
But lovely and calm as the planet of even,
Thou look'st from thy path in the azure of Heaven.

On thy journey so brilliant, eccentric, amazing,
With all their mild eyes see the Pleiades gazing;
Each spirit of Heaven in its bright car of gold,
To fancy's rapt view seems to pause and behold.

Whence com'st thou fair visitant, where is thy home?
Through what unknown systems or spheres dost thou roam?
Does thy lamp through the vast wilds of ether self-borne,
Ever cheer the cold realms of Uranus forlorn?

To mount for a space in thy chariot of fire,
In visions romantic might fancy aspire,

Through the boundless expanse of creation be roll'd,
And glance at the wonders thy course would unfold.

O ! might we not pass in our limitless range,
The wild realms of chaos all formless and strange !
But a glimpse of the HOMES OF THE BLEST could we see!
Are the souls of the guilty imprisoned in thee ?

But hence with conjectures as useless as vain,
Enough we behold thee on Heaven's broad plain,
Enough that wherever thy splendors shall move,
To know they are guided by Infinite Love.

Bristol Township, Phila. co. Pa. E. P.

ELIJAH,—ON MOUNT HOREB.

Alone, on Horeb's sacred mount, the seer Elijah stood,
While passed before his wondering sight, the mighty power of God!
For lo! a sweeping whirlwind rose, the quaking rocks it rent,*
And fiercely o'er the trembling hills, its wrathful course was bent;
Yet spoke not in this tumult wild, the voice the prophet sought,
That voice so awful, yet so dear, no angry tempests brought.

And after came an earthquake dread, the shaking earth was riven,
And clouds of dark sulphurous smoke, obscured the light of Heaven;
Then fell the lofty works of men, their towers and temples fair,
And where the once proud city stood—a whelming flood was there!
Yet not, from all this fearful wreck, arose that solemn word—
'Twas but the putting forth of power, the pathway of the Lord.

* "And brake in pieces the rocks." I. Kings. 19. 11.

Next came a far consuming fire, majestically bright,
And oh! severely beautiful, was that most glorious light;
Wide o'er Samaria's splendid domes, the glowing radiance
stream'd,
And Horeb's everlasting rocks, in flaming grandeur gleam'd,
'Twas not of earth; that light sublime, and yet no word was
there;
The word the holy prophet sought, with humbled soul to
hear.

At length, a still, small voice was heard; Elijah bow'd his
head,
And o'er his face his mantle's shade, with silent reverence
spread;
Prophetic was that voice divine, of strange events it spoke—
It told that soon a faithless race should wear the Syrian
yoke.
And high behests to him it gave, commandments of the Lord;
Then forth the righteous prophet went, obedient to the word.

E. P.

TO MY FATHER.

This poetical commerce so gainful I find,
No wonder to venture again I'm inclin'd,
In the bank of the muses one talent I placed—
Lo ! ten shining talents my counter have graced.
Or suppose illustration yet clearer to show,
We revert to a story told ages ago,
Of a Trojan—so Homer sings—generous and brave,
His armor of "gold wrought divinely" who gave
(With costly devices emblazon'd all o'er,)
For the meaner equipments that Diomede wore.—
Ah ! no muses thy daughter e'er deign to inspire,
With ethereal spark of poetical fire,—
'Tis the glow of affection her bosom that warms—
UNPERISHING TENDERNESS only that charms :
For the parent she loves, the rude chaplet she weaves—
Simple blossoms entwining with AMARANTH leaves.
But the FLOWER UNFADING such grace can impart—
With electrical touch, it strikes home to the heart.

The Summer is rapidly passing away—
Touched e'en now with the shadows of change and decay.
Strange is it—that ever as older we grow,
The tide of existence seems faster to flow,
Commingling cares, pleasures, in ceaseless commotion,
As roll its wild waves to Eternity's ocean.—

Now often years backward o'er scenes that are past,
A glance retrospective all thoughtful I cast;
When life's little stream in embankments of flowers,
Winded merrily onward through infancy's bowers.—
Seem'd the miniature waves my weak bark to o'erwhelm—
How affection maternal stood watch at the helm!
Soon to reason expanding the rudder she gave,
And showed the bright Pole-star to guide and to save:
Such it ever has been—though unheeding too oft
We look round and below but too seldom "ALOFT."
Its glories benign yet but dimly I see—
Oh! shine thou blest "Beacon unclouded and free!"
Disperse with thy beams error's misty control,
With passion and prejudice—clouds of the soul.
Thou know'st that I love—if but feebly—thy ray—
Oh! bid it expand to the brightness of day!
Round the dear ones I love, be to watch and to ward
Off mortality's evils—a guide and a guard;
Life's tempests all weathered, its dangers all past,
To the haven of Mercy direct us at last.

E. P.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO ELM GROVE AFTER A PROTRACTED ABSENCE.

Dear native shades, I greet your sylvan bowers,
Familiar in gay childhood's sunny hours,
As yet unscathed in lofty pride ye stand,
Nor feel the weight of Time's all conquering hand,
Ye dread no blighting day—but come it must,
Your leafy honors prostrate in the dust:
As little reck the changes years have made
To those once dwelling in your grateful shade.
Ah! what fond ties asunder have been torn,
Since FIRST the sunlight on your brow was worn;
Youth's glossy locks, and age with silvery hair,
Manhood's firm step, and lisping childhood fair,
Have burst the bonds the immortal soul that bound—
Wanderers in earth's wide waste, their home is found.

Home of my earliest joys—that rural glade—
Not all the changes time and taste have made,
Can visions bright from memory's page dispel,
Of scenes remembered long, and loved so well.
Those arching boughs the lawn still shadow o'er,
The brook still murmurs by the friendly door:

Though many an after scene should be forgot,
My heart will linger in that lovely spot;
And still the light by faithful memory cast,
Like moonlight lustre, gild the blissful past. A. J. P.

Buckingham, 1843.

LINES

ON OPENING A BOOK, IN WHICH HAD BEEN PRESERVED A COLLECTION OF PROFILES OBTAINED IN EARLY LIFE.

Relics of love and friendship gone,
Dim semblances of those once dear;
Of youthful days forever flown,
What loved remembrances are here!

Association's power again
Revives each form in memory's view;
Untouch'd by time, unblanch'd by pain,
All fresh, and beautiful, and true.

Ah! THIS, my heart hath treasured well;
Benevolence refin'd, and warm
Could features more distinctly tell?—
A lov'd and venerated form.

For I, long in thy ancient hall,
Once own'd thy kind paternal care;
How chang'd!—each trace hath vanish'd all
Of love and joy, that linger'd there;

Within that mansion's modest bound,
A prouder step than thine is seen,
Where sweet domestic bliss was found,
There sports gay fashion's mirthful queen.

But THOU, a house not made with hands,
Eternal in the Heavens is thine,
To join the bright celestial bands,
In robes of holy light to shine.

I mark'd thy closing hour serene,
Calmly declin'd thy setting sun,
No cloud the sweetly solemn scene
Obscur'd—thy righteous task was done.

And WHOSE is HERE? the aspect meek,
The ringlet on the graceful brow,
The lip's sweet smile, the slender neck,
All gentle woman's likeness show.

With every grace thou meet'st my view,
Companion of my childhood's glee;—
Mild, sentimental, fond and true,
The bride of GENIUS thou would'st be.

Thou had'st thy wish—and THIS the face;
Features irregular and wild,
Proclaim to Physiognomic trace
The eccentric mind of Fancy's child.

Ah! ne'er let beauty seek to claim
Such changeful thought, and wayward will,
Nor deem the magic of her name,
Can long their restless wanderings still.

Where dwell'st thou NOW? through wild and wood,
Where rolls Ohio's rich full tide,
Among a people strange and rude,
Thy fate has call'd thee to preside.

THIS too, can dim remembrance show!
Yes, once I knew in life's young morn,
That lip's disdain, that frowning brow,
That spoke the unbeliever's scorn.

For all that holy men have taught,
Of blest redemption's sacred power,
Seem'd tales, that to thy skeptic thought,
Might please in childhood's vacant hour.

Yet had'st thou feelings pure and high;
Thy love—alas! 'twas THINE ALONE;
No answering glance e'er met thine eye,
Nor smile to bless thy fondest tone.

Hope, still deluding, linger'd long,
Till fell disease assail'd thy frame,
And left the thoughtless crowd among,
Nought but the memory of thy name.

No hope of brighter worlds than this,
The future cheer'd, or sooth'd the past;
But thoughts of life, and worldly bliss,
Bore up thy spirit to the last.

Far different THIS—the shadow'd grace,
The perfect features' lovely line,
Announce a beauteous female face,
And nature's fairest form was thine.

They who in many a foreign clime
Had own'd of beauty's charms the power,
Where rose the feudal hall sublime,
Or bloom'd the rose-wreath'd myrtle bower.

Admiring scann'd, with curious glance,
The rich saloon, the courtly hall,
The social group or festive dance,
Confess'd THEE loveliest of all.

But sad eventful days were thine—
Such beauty oft is doom'd to prove—
The woes with orphanage that join,
The broken vows of faithless love.

Thou too art gone—the faultless form,
The rich dark hazel of thine eye,
The heart that glow'd with feelings warm,
In the cold grave forgotten lie.

But mild religion's hallow'd ray,
Shone brightly on thy parting hour,
Blest presage of that perfect day,
Where life's dark clouds can never lower.

What striking outline meets me NOW?
Quick memory's eye hath caught the trace,
These animated features show,
Impress of MIND'S expressive grace.

Such was thy smile in days of yore,
When blithe with all a bride-maid's glee,
Thy light step on our festive floor
Was FIRST, gay task! to wait on me.

Thine seem'd the happiest lot of all
I knew in youth's bright joyous day;
THINE all of bliss we vainly call,
THOU,—intellectual, blooming, gay.

Blest in thy fond parental home,
Blest in thy first—thy only love,
Where might capricious fancy roam
Hope's pictur'd joys more fair to prove?—

In the low dwelling of the tomb,
Hath darkly clos'd each tender tie,
And through the lofty mansion's gloom,
Echoes the lonely mourner's sigh.

And he to whom was frankly given,
In love's pure faith thy heart and hand,
Now roves from prov'd affection riven,
A wanderer in a distant land.

No more—too sad the thoughts ye bring,
While memory's pointing wand displays—
As though it touch'd some secret spring,—
The lost delights of other days.

I'll close the book and turn me now,
To scenes where active duties rise;
To Heaven's allotments humbly bow,
Nor seek for bliss beneath the skies. E. P.

TO R. B.

Will this short flight on fancy's wing,
  Bring back remembrance sweet to thee;
To BIND THE WREATH she loves to fling
  Oe'r youthful hours so bright and free.

We've launch'd on life's uncertain tide,
  Its surface rippled o'er with cares;
And down its current swiftly glide,
  O'er hidden rocks, and shoals, and snares.

But they who mark life's polar star,
  Their course before the breeze is free;
If short the voyage be or far,
  Or cast on oark misfortune's sea.

Within the wave-toss'd bark is found,
  ONE who can shield from every ill;
Rebuke the dangers all around,
  And bid the winds and waves "Be still."

A. J. P.

TO C—— R——, AND SISTERS.

Strangers we met—shall we as strangers part;
Not thus the warm trust of a grateful heart.—
Long in that heart shall memory's impress glow,
The cultured mind, the social graces show,
As when with you, their bland and cheerful power,
"Light wings and sunshine," gave the passing hour.—
The elastic spirits, trifles ne'er can bow,—
The soul's pure light upon the sunny brow—
That elegance of mind, no art hath taught,—
The gentle dignity, not pride hath wrought:—
These give to social joys their dearest charm,
These best the rankling ills of life disarm;
And long, dear girls, Heaven grant be yours to share,
Such calm delights, untouched by time or care.—
And that with these, each earthly good may blend,
Is the warm prayer of that stranger friend.

E. F.

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART, FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD."

Yea, blessed, Father are the souls
  Thy holy voice have known,
Whose spiritual ear hath drank
  The music of its tone;
With humble hearts their crowns have cast,
  In lowly meekness down;
These, these, no earthly might can dread,
  Nor aught except thy frown.

These see thee in each splendor bright,
  That tints the varying skies,
Or in the sun's broad golden beam,
  Or rainbow's peerless dies.—
And in the dewy verdure sheen,
  That veils earth's kindly bosom,
What time in spring's delicious breath,
  Soft waves the tender blossom.

In summer's rich abundance poured,
  These mark the power that gives;
In autumn's garnered treasures see,
  Thy care for "all that lives."

Through winter's reign of "cloud and storm,"
With awe Thy might behold;
Yet with that might is blended love
Unmeasured and untold.

Nor less, these in the moral world,
Thy power and goodness see,
With blessings crowned the grateful heart,
Looks up with joy to Thee.
If gathers round their shrinking head,
Misfortune's fearful scath,
Still beams thy light of love beyond,
To cheer their darkened path.

Oh! grant life's weary cares at rest,
No veil of flesh between,
By the redeemed and faithful soul,
Thy glory may be seen.
Lead, Father, to that blessed world,
Thy realms of life and light,
Where hope is in fruition lost,
And faith in raptured sight. E. P.

THE TOMB OF A POETESS.

O'er the long wild she journey'd far—
Near Michigan's resounding shore—
While following the western star,
The lonely desert to explore.

Where the dark forest spreads its gloom,
On banks the Raisin's waters lave,
She found a still sequestered home,
But, ah! she found an early grave.

Long shall her "hazle bank" and "vine,"
Allure the classic traveller there;
To pay his vows at genius' shrine,
And drop o'er Chandler's grave a tear.

That mind no more, and gentle voice,
Shall swell to harmony her lyre,
Nor bid the slave in hope rejoice,
To freedom's higher joys aspire.

And when he shall regain his RIGHTS,
He there a pilgrimage will make;
Will range with zeal o'er freedom's heights
To mourn the minstrel of the lake.

And long shall kindred souls regret,
She sought that distant sylvan bower;
The Upas of the glen there met,
Which bow'd to earth the lovely flower.

In after time young maidens fair,
With the first blossoms of the spring,
Shall strew around rich fragrance there,
And birds their earliest matins sing. A. J. P.

TO MY SISTER.

Did not one mother guide our feet in childhood's peaceful day!
Did not one happy garden-bound, behold our infant play!
Upon one fond and gentle breast, our early griefs were pour'd,
And all the wise maternal lore, alike our memories stor'd.

Has not one dear and gifted sire, whose cherish'd name we own,
Around us both, his arm of love, with kind protection thrown!
Thus by each tender tie entwined--though parted we may be,
Through every scene of changeful life, this heart must turn to thee.

Youth's blissful hours have passed away;—the years are hast'ning on,—
When in the world's bleak wilderness, one here must stand alone;
Between us still, then be there love, to gild life's closing day.
And trust me dearest, not unblest, shall beam that evening ray.

Oft as I mark thy devious way--the spirits light that cheer,
And strew'd in mental vision fond, with blessings bright and dear—
(With deeper, holier interest yet, thy filial cares I see—)
The prayer ascends from evening hearth, and morning couch for thee.

E. P.

MONITIONS.

"Life is but shadows, save a promise given,
That lights the future with a fadeless ray—
Come—touch the sceptre—win a hope in heaven,
Then turn thy spirit from this world away."

W. GAYLORD CLARK.

Thou pilgrim! who journeyest on life's weary road,
Whate'er that path be, still remember thy God;
To do his blest will, on his mercy to call,
Ere the day that in darkness envelopes it all.

Is thy lot with the lofty, the proud of the earth?
Did honors, emoluments wait on thy birth?
At the revels of Kings, has thy banqueting been,
Where the trappings of splendor shone costly and sheen?

In the sunshine of fame, is thy laurel wreath blooming,
Every object around thee, its brightness illuming?
Ah! think when Death o'er these shall cast his dark pall,
One smile from thy God, will seem brighter than all.

In thy ancestor's hall, is thy joyous step seen?
Thy kind welcome now, where their welcomes have been
Has thy lot been the purest affection to prove,
Than the bridegroom's more blest, as a husband, thy love.

Has no child the fond wish of thy heart disobeyed?
Has thy friend never fail'd in the hour of need?
Yet ere Death from endearments so tender shall call,
Oh, think of the love that is stronger than all.

Is thy fancy's fresh glow, as the beams of the morning?
Each cloud with a rainbow of beauty adorning?
To worlds thy vast mind has imagined, or found,
Does thy spirit with rapture unsated, still bound?

But there's one, than all these is more resplendently bright,
And thy soul's fairest visions, are paled in its light;
O'er joys thus sublime, when the death cloud shall fall,
One ray from that world, will illumine it all.

Or unlov'd and unhonor'd, and homeless to be,
Has misfortune reversed these bright pictures for thee?
Has the dark wing of envy o'ershadow'd thy fame?
Or poor thy fortune, and lowly thy name?

Yet what motes shall these seem, to thy dim closing eye,
When lonely and wildered thy rest is to die;
The land of thy father's the home endeared hall,
Howe'er thou hast loved them, be valueless all.

Thou faithful believer who low at the cross,
Art counting earth's noblest attainments as dross;
For thy heart's sacred temple, is cleansed from all sin,
And the lamp of thy God shines triumphant within.

Rejoice for the day! Love Divine sets thee free,
And the portals of light are unfolding for thee;
No more to be weary, nor stumble, nor fall,
For the Saviour thou lov'st, shall be then all in all.

E. P.

TO THE COMET:

WRITTEN AFTER ITS DISAPPEARANCE FROM OUR HEMISPHERE.

Thou hast gone in thy brightness, thou beautiful star;
With the train of refulgence that streamed from thy car;
Where Philosophy's Eagle flight never may soar,
Nor e'en Fancy's bold pinion attempt to explore.

Had the spirit, commissioned thy splendor's to guide,
If spirit there be—o'er thy course to preside?
But deigned to commune with some child of the earth,
And pour on his rapt ear, the tale of thy birth.

What wonders, thought never conceived had been told:
Of magnificence, Angels, alone could behold!
O why among all who have gaz'd on thy light,
Was there none ever blest with communings so bright?

When the stars of the morning triumphantly sang,
And the shouts of Archangels, in joyfulness rang;
Was THEN thy glad orb, launched on ether's vast deep,
Unchanging for ages, its pathway to keep?

What spheres has thy lamp's rich effulgency warm'd?
'Mong suns, and through systems, unharming, unharm'd;
In safety and peace, was thy swift career bent?
Or in fearful concussion, to rend or be rent?

Was thine the dread task, in rude fragments to shiver,
Some world like our own, into new worlds to sever?
Such philosophers tell, might the Asteroids be—
Do these owe their separate existence to thee?

Ah little of thee can proud science impart,
To shew what thou hast been, or unfold what thou art:
Save that two thousand years, she has marked thee on high,
And trac'd thee, returning again to the sky.

Speed on glorious one, in thy wonderful course,
From the beams of our sun, gain new light and new force:
Still roll on through ether, thy chariot sublime,
Till Eternity springs from the ruins of Time. E. P.

THE PEN AND FLOWER.

Suggested by observing among other cherished relics, a metallic pen; the handle of which was made of Hawthorn, brought from the tomb of Shakspeare; and a wild flower that grew on the grave of a beloved Mother.

Oh! tell me not of relics brought,
From graves in Ocean's proudest Isle;
Those trophies once my FANCY caught,
The HEART was calm and cold the while.

The pen whose aid bestowed e'en now,
To cheat this heart of gathering gloom;
Was once a humble hawthorn bough,
That graced the bard of Avon's tomb.

'Twas FRIENDSHIP's gift—and prized the more,
As years successive rolling by;
Confirm this truth of early lore,
That Friendship was not born to die.

But this frail flower, whose slender stem,
Was reared where sleeps the LOVED AND LOST,
Is dearer than the costliest gem,
That wealthiest diadem can boast.

To me, it breathes in accents soft,
Of sunny youth's unclouded ray;
And seems to waft my soul aloft,
To purer bliss and holier day.

There the freed spirit shares the joy,
Where souls redeemed forever shine;
No stain of earth, no cold alloy,
Shall cloud the radiance all Divine. A. J. P.

TO R— E—.

With no vain hope to heal the mourner's grief,
And yield the sinking heart a blest relief;
Nor to a mind so disciplined and taught
As thine, to show the wonders faith has wrought.—
FAITH—that the cavern's inmate dire has awed,
And through the sever'd wave triumphant trod:
FAITH—that exulting in the sevenfold flame,
Has sung loud praises to the Almighty name;
And still though clouds of sorrow hover nigh,
Unfolds a radiant vista to the sky.—
Nor yet to deck with garlands vain a tomb,
Where twines a wreath that will forever bloom;
Nor dwell on grief that even STRANGERS own
For him, the generous, honored, LOVED—and gone:
Yet with a hope that not unmeet may prove,
The soothing tones of sympathy and love,
Would I affection's artless tribute show,
Which to the friend of years long past I owe.—
Long past!—yet sweet to memory's freshened view—
"Mellowed by time," but still distinct and true—
The scenes of bliss with thee and thine long shared—
The scenes of woe thy faithful kindness cheer'd;
Oft has my heart delighted to retrace,
That look benign which time can ne'er efface,
When by the hopeless couch sad sickness press'd,
With pangs it seems of parting life distress'd,

That look, with tones of purest feeling blending,
Seemed grateful as the dews of Heaven descending;
Calming with influence mild the anxious breast,
And sweetly pointing to the Realms of rest.
Years have passed on with change and trial fraught
Life's varying seasons—cares and joys have brought—
And all—alike by time's dark wing o'erswept;
But still her record pure hath memory kept.—
Oh! may thy shield—thy rock—Almighty power,
Sustain thee in this deeply proving hour;
And soothe the heart, which grief's afflictive thorn
Has waked to feeling each returning morn—
Illume thy path with heaven's all-cheering ray,
Through the calm evening of life's shadowy day.

E. P.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF H—— WILLIAMS, A LITTLE GIRL, AGED FIVE YEARS.

Feeling—'tis the gift of Heaven,
Trials—speak a Father's love;
That for highest bliss was given,
These our faith and love to prove.

When did e'er a lovelier blossom,
Bloom to cheer life's chequer'd road;
When did e'er a fonder bosom,
Greet the blessing Heaven bestowed?

Who can paint the warm emotion,
Which a mother's bosom moved?
Who can mark the heart's devotion,
Feel how deep the parent loved?

As in bright perspective glowing,
Years of bliss she saw with thee;
Gently down life's current flowing,
To Eternity's broad sea.

Oh! how changed the dear illusion!
Hope on silent pinion fled;
Sorrow came with dire intrusion,
Round her blighting mildew shed.

He, who in thy early morning,
With such fond parental pride,
Saw each grace thy steps adorning,
Watched thy paths, a guard, and guide.

Now, where sorrows never enter—
Called in manhood's prime away—
Welcomes THEE where pleasures centre—
Hails to realms of endless day.

Yet will memory long deplore them,
Lost to Earth in morning bloom;
He who took them will restore them,—
Bid them triumph o'er the tomb. A. J. P.

IN MEMORY

OF AN INTERESTING YOUNG GIRL, WHO DIED AFTER A LINGERING ILLNESS, IN THE TRIUMPHS OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

Oh! what was this world, sweet Rebecca, to thee,
When the Pearl of great price thou wast blest to obtain;
Thine eye was anointed its value to see,—
And death to thee, lovely one, truly was gain.

What might in this mutable state have been thine
Of its gilded enjoyments, we question not now;
Thy lot MIGHT have been in its splendors to shine,
With the roses of bliss blooming fresh on thy brow.

Alas! for her flowers! ere we twine them they wither;
The brightest and sweetest are first to decay;
Earth's loveliest things—how they perish together,
And strew their dark wrecks o'er our time-wearied way!

But oh! if UNBLEST thine allotment had been,
How rich was the Mercy that call'd from such woes,
To shed its own rays on life's brief troubled scene,
And crown with so lovely, so peaceful a close!

What, though thine were the lingering hours of sadness,
The long, restless night, and the pain-clouded morn—
The gems that now beam on thy "forehead of gladness,"
Were "clasped by the Giver whose own felt the thorn."

No child of the proud in their loftiest state,
Though heir to a crown, but might envy thee thine;
On their pride and their pageantries ruin must wait,—
But the glory God giveth, forever will shine. E. P

THE WANDERER COMES.

Affection counts the lingering hours—"Why comes he not?"
she cries,
And swift on fancy's eager wing, o'er ocean's waste she flies;
Thoughts of the fearful crags beneath—all terrors of the
main,
Rush to her trembling, anxious heart—"He must not go
again."

Weary, yet joyful, lo! he comes, from Highland glen and
mountain,
From merry England's cultured plain, bright vale and spark-
ling fountain;
From France's gorgeous capital, where tinsel'd splendor
reigns,
The wanderer comes—delighted comes—to greet his native
plains.

He comes! the fond confiding wife, and infant band to clasp,
To plight the true and faithful hand, with friendship's ardent
grasp;
He comes! the parent, honor'd, lov'd, with duteous heart to
cheer,
To glad the sisters' holy trust—a brother—oh! how dear.

Then lift the grateful heart to Him, who o'er the mighty deep
Watch'd with unslumbering eye, and bade the angry tempest sleep;
Soft as the voice of angel-hymns, ascends that praise above,
Which rises from earth's holiest band—a family of love.

E. P.

"IT MUST BE SO."

Words emphatically addressed to the writer—by a Parent near the close of life.

"It must be so," the mandate from above,
Not friendship's hand can stay, nor filial love;
Yet those who long have shared thy love and care,
Attend thy couch, and smooth thy silvery hair.—
That love shed magic o 'er each fleeting year,
Cheer'd every scene of life—now doubly dear
When feeble age, and failing strength demand,
Affection's tribute from a filial band.—
Thy placid smile still speaks of blissful hours
When young life's path was strewn with fairest flowers.—
By memory's light, I see distinctly traced,
The smiling group thy social hearth that graced;
Together drawn, by ties that firmly bind—
Congenial tastes—the sure cement of mind:
To THESE, in after years, will ever be
Like sweetest music, memory's dream of thee.

She who once gave to life its dearest charm,
So true to friendship's claims, confiding warm;
Who shar'd thy every grief and joy in this,
Awaits thy entrance into realms of bliss.

The weary days that shadow life's decline,
Serenely glide, while cheered by Love Divine;
Soon must thy spirit reach its final bourne,
That honor'd form to kindred dust return;
In faith triumphant shall thy sun go down
A righteous life—a peaceful end will crown. A. J. P.

HYMN OF A PARTING SPIRIT.

Going home—going home—yes, bright glimpses I see
Of that beautiful land—are its joys then for me?
The soft breath of flowers, seems to come o'er me now,
And bathe with its freshness my fever-worn brow.

What voices—sweet voices ring glad on my ear,
The tones are all love, and the words are all cheer;
And beyond this dark cloud, what rich glories I see—
Bright forms hover there—Oh that land is for me!

Roll faster ye billows and hasten me on,
Such darkness here gathers, I long to be gone;
Dear are ye my loved ones—but oh, far more dear,
Are the blest ones that bend from yon glorious sphere.

My bark, long detained in mortality's tide,
In the dark straits of death, now triumphant doth ride;
Bear up my tried spirit—this soon will be past—
The darkest, the deepest—but oh, 'tis the last!

'Tis the LAST—that blest word—how ecstatic, divine,
Is the promise it brings—it is mine! it is mine!
Their voices, sweet voices, more near seem to swell—
Now I touch the bright landing—farewell! earth farewell!

E. P.

The concluding lines of the following tribute to the memory of an excellent mother, have a reference to one of her latest conversations with the writer, in which her peculiar views of the enjoyments of the spiritual world were emphatically expressed, in substance, that to HER mind, they could bear no resemblance to any of the gratifications of sense; and that the frequent allusions to angelic harmony, in the pages of inspired penmen, were merely figurative, and symbolic of that melody of soul, which must necessarily flow from a state of perfect love and unchanging peace.

——"On wings of remembrance my soul is away."

W. G. CLARK.

Away—through years linked with the mighty past,
Her backward glance doth memory often cast;
Where winding gaily on through childhood's bowers,
Life's little stream was fringed with loveliest flowers;
Seemed the light waves my fragile bark to whelm,
How watched maternal love the guiding helm;
Its golden tint, prepared o'er all to throw,
Gilding the cloud, and brightening the bow:
And every varying scene of after years,
To memory's eye, the same glad impress bears;
The unwearied love that knew nor "change nor fall,"
Based on the boundless love that flows to ALL.

Mother, beloved—now flown from human ties,
To join the holy anthem of the skies;
I would not call thee back to earthly woes,
From that blest "land of glory and repose,"
Though round my heart the tend'rest memories throng,
Of all thy kindness,—early,—late,—and long.—
Mother! be mine that glorious host to join,
Who rest in beams of light and love Divine;
Where not a cloud shall dim our radiant way,
Nor sad adieu obscure our heavenly day;
Nor golden harps, nor bloom of fadeless bowers,
But PERFECT LOVE, and ENDLESS PEACE be ours.

A. J. P.

To A—— T——, on her requesting the writer to furnish some lines, commemorative of a departed friend.

Dear Agnes, why ask the memorial line,
A garland to wreath o'er a premature bier,
What hand for the task is more fitting than thine,
Who gave for the lost, feeling's exquisite tear.

When infantine loveliness passed from a hearth,
Claiming kindred with thine, the sweet garland who gave,
To soothe with its fragrance the mourners of earth
And light with pale blossoms the gloom of the grave.

Thine then be the task; love shall hallow the numbers,
That flow at her bidding, impressive and free,
For the heart stilled forever in death's peaceful slumbers—
The heart once that beat, true to friendship and thee.

Ah what are the glories of life's early morning,
Thus soon with dark shadows of death overcast;
Yet of scenes once so bright with grace, goodness adorning,
How sweet the remembrance! FOREVER though past.

Thou hast told of her virtues in language all glowing
From a heart deeply touched with the worth it portrays;
A halo so bright round her memory throwing,
E'en the heart of the stranger was won to her praise.

Thou hast told of fond ties that encompassed her here,
Of the treasures of love that were poured at her feet,
And the promptings of sympathy tender and dear,
Have claimed for that loved one a requiem meet.

Then THINE be the task; love shall hallow the numbers
That flow at her bidding expressive and free;
But Oh! ne'er can they wake from the tomb's peaceful slumbers,
The heart once that beat, true to friendship and thee.

E. P.

LINES

On hearing of the arrest of the Irish patriot O'Connell.

And dared their blind folly to fetter the wing
Of the Eagle that winked not at royalty's sun;
Though trammel'd, unawed, to the conflict he'll bring
Unfaltering strength 'till the victory's won.

For a freedom impartial, and broad as he claims,
In an age like the present, success must ensure;
When the worship that clung to long idolized names,
Yields at length to a homage more lofty and pure.

When the SOUL—how e'er shrined—whether lowly or great
Its allotment on earth—we are taught to revere;
When the brotherhood-bond, in extremes of each state,
Our Childs and our Channings hold equally dear.

Names to freedom are pledged of the noble and tried,
Not the few to exalt, but the welfare of all;
For the stone* from the great human temple hath cried,
And the beam from the timber hath answered the call.

*"For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."—Habakkuk, 2. 11,

Lo! their sound hath gone forth to the ends of the earth,
And a standard, all bloodless and pure, is unfurl'd;
While the nations are hailing with gladness the birth
Of an era, the brightest e'er dawned on the world.

Ye clansmen of Liberty, speed on the sign,
A halo of truth round it gloriously burning,
Which proclaims to all eyes that its source is divine—
An earnest, pure, bright, of triumphant returning.

And THOU, of the names which thy country has given
To the broad scroll of fame, yet the proudest must shine;
For of those in her cause who most nobly have striven,
The mild rays of peace have illumined but thine.

E. P.

LINES

On the demise of an intelligent and interesting little girl, the last of five children, who had been successively removed from the parental hearth by death.

They have gone down to their lowly beds--the fair, the bright, the sweet,
They are gathered to that home of love, where angel spirits meet ;—
Dust hath returned to kindred dust—the soul to him above,
Who sent them forth to cheer and bless—sweet messengers of love.

What though in scenes they gladdened once—their gladsomeness is o'er,
And we who fondly loved shall view each graceful charm no more;
Yet who may tell the gain to THEM, in that fair world of bliss,
Whose portals wide unfold to shield, the wanderers of this.

We know the loved and lost are THERE, for this our God hath told,
That ever blest, they dwell secure—within that Heavenly fold;

But of the FORMS their BLISS may wear, no human tongue
can tell—
Enough this sacred truth to know, it must for THEM be well.

The gifted and the good have loved—to fondly picture fair,
Creations bright of holy thought—and ardent fancy there;
From Nature's varied, beauteous scenes—glad images they
drew,
And trusting faith, and fervent hope—blend with the ideal
view.

All that they loved, and treasured most—of music, gems and
flowers,
With ever-living freshness charm—they deem, in Heavenly
bowers;
Ah! vain the prophet's tongue of fire, the poet's matchless
skill,
That unseen world—hath ever been to all a mystery still.

But "God is Love"—and what of this—at times we faintly
feel,
An earnest is of raptures high—his grace will yet reveal:
Love which alone can brighten earth—in PERFECTNESS must
be,
ITSELF a heaven of pure delight, from earthly bondage free.

And thou the last and loveliest—of that departed band—
Lucretia—gone in life's young bloom—to that far spirit land

No stain of earth around thee clung—no cloud was on thy brow—
Pure as a seraph's thought seemed thine—can'st thou be purer now?
He whose unbounded love oft drew—with sweet constraining power,
Thy loving, truthful heart to Him—in twilight's holy hour;
Still nearer—and more closely drew—till melting fast away,
Each mortal band was loosed—and thou sprang forth to endless day.

E. P.

THE GRAVE OF A GRANDCHILD.

Yon little mound—should wake no thought of gloom,
No bitter tears e'er strew its verdant sod;
For a freed spirit, gone in childhood's bloom,
But safe reposing with her father—God.

Safe from the summer shower, the Autumn blast,
The storms that darken oft life's wintry day;
Her brief probation, brightly, sweetly past,
Soft dews and sunlight blest her transient way.

Her infant loveliness, I may not tell,
Though memory's page preserves the transcript fair;
In fond parental hearts 'twill ever dwell,
And find Love's most enduring record there.
Faith whispers on Heaven's ever-blooming shore
Our blossom feels earth's mildew blight no more.

A. J. P.

TO R. P.

"WE DO NOT FORGET."

No! the lore we have treasured may fade from the mind,
In darkness the bright star of poesy set;
Her sweet wreathing garlands may joy cease to bind,
But the love that ne'er faileth we do not forget.

We do not forget—for in sickness and sorrow,
The seal of that love was unchangeably set;
From the gloom that surrounded, fresh lustre to borrow,
And pure as of old, that true light shineth yet.

When one who long loved, and still loved thee was passing
To that world in which sorrow and change are unknown;
In the language THEN poured with affectionate blessing,
In THAT language I fain would embody my own.

'For a kindness unselfish and steadfast as thine,
Love's own pure reward must await at life's close;
May this trust cheer thy pathway to regions divine
Where with lost, and beloved ones, the soul may repose.'

A. J. P.

IN MEMORY OF A FATHER.

As a calm lengthen'd day sweetly come to its close,
As an ear fully ripe for the harvester's hand;
So gentle, and peaceful, the emblem that shows,
Thy flight to a holier, happier, land.

And shall we lament thee? oh! are they of grief
The tears that in secret thus tenderly fall?
To the overcharg'd breast bringing often relief
As we muse on the love we can never recall.

No! 'tis feeling's warm tribute, for can we repine
That the task which life's weakness made heavy is done?
Can we grieve when we know what a guerdon is thine,
For the conflict is past—and the victory won.

And dear is that feeling—a hallowing charm,
That bids the fond gaze of remembrance be thrown,
To mark with a gratitude earnest and warm,
The steps of a pilgrimage pure as thy own.

And blest, oh! still blest in thy promptness to gather,
Life's roses the sweetest, untouching the thorn;
Whether strewed in the pathway of others, or whether
On thy calm brow in meekness and thankfulness worn.

And blest in rich memories—never to part,
O'er life's evening shadows their brightness that cast;
As they told the unwavering love of a heart,
Which returned all thy tenderness, true to the last.

Thrice blest! in the hope of those memories born,
To meet, where the parting word shadoweth never;
Where the crown Love hath ever triumphantly worn,
Shall beam on in beauty—unchanging forever.

A. J. P.

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